HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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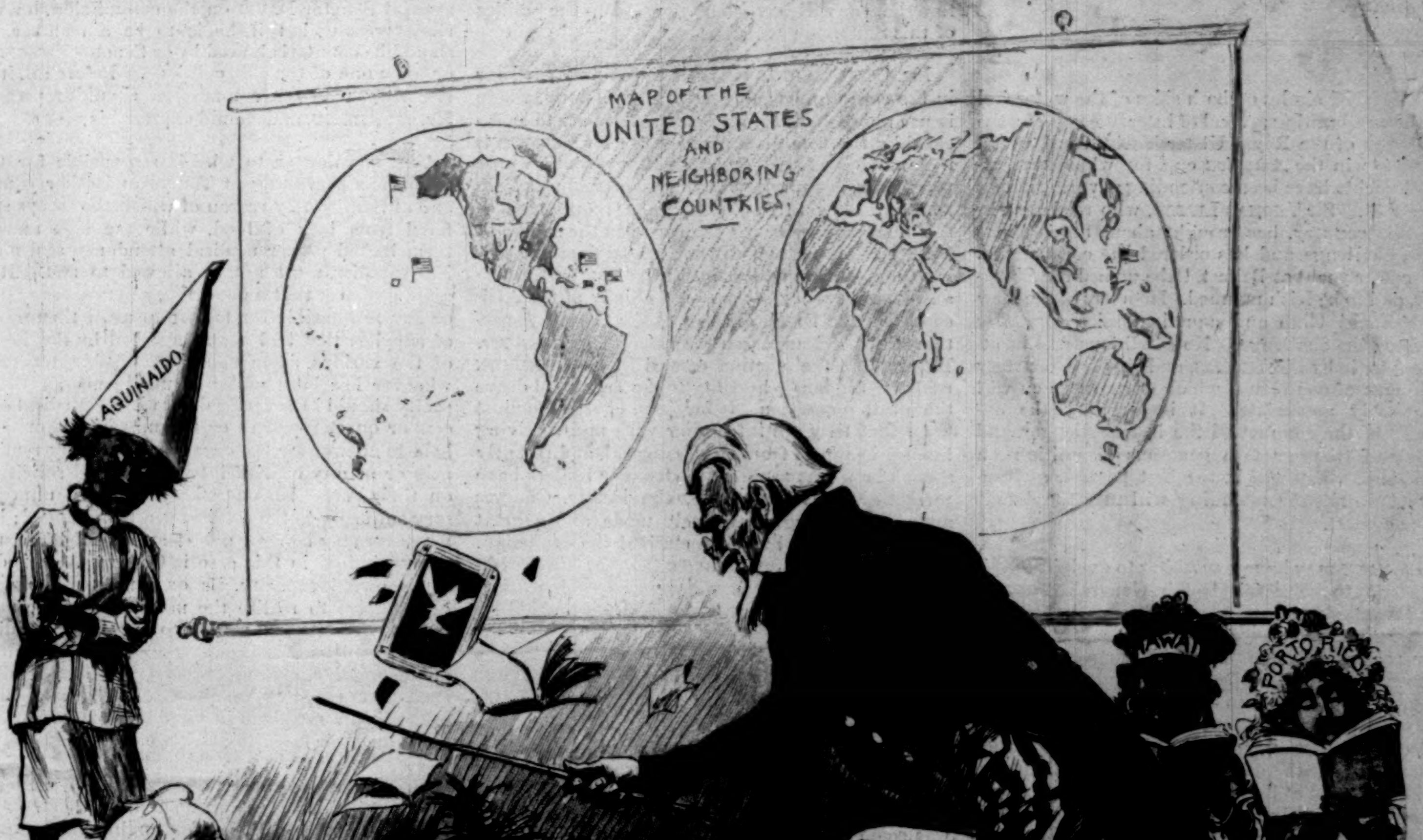
MAP OF THE
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AND
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UNCLE SAM'S NEW CLASS IN THE ART OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 27, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

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This Paper is the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents have followed the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere have been accurately portrayed.

Messrs. RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM *and* T. DART WALKER *are at Puerto Rico,* Messrs. FRANK D. MILLET, JOHN F. BASS, *and* O. K. DAVIS *are in Manila, and* Mr. HAROLD MARTIN *is at Santiago.*

SPORTING circles on both sides of the water feel the exhilarating revival of interest caused by the challenge of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, which wants to win the *America* cup, for which transatlantic yachts have been contending at various times since 1851. Sir THOMAS LIPTON, who recently visited this country, has brought about the issuance of the challenge, and has ordered the construction of a cutter-yacht at Belfast, to be named the *Shamrock*, and to be Irish-manned. Members of the New York Yacht Club and aquatic circles generally welcome the challenge. No conditions will be attached to it by Sir THOMAS, and this is a courtesy and mark of confidence which our sportsmen will thoroughly appreciate. It is certainly the antithesis of the conduct of the last challenger, and will tend to promote a generous disposition on both sides, which will be the best possible guaranty that no misunderstanding will mar the details of the contest.

GERMANY may have something to explain to this country as to the reason Captain-General AUGUSTIN was permitted to escape from Manila on the German cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta*, when he should have been permitted to remain and be taken by General MERRITT and Admiral DEWEY as a prisoner of war. There is some doubt as to whether there was a breach of international obligations on the part of Germany; and even if there was, there is not enough malice in it to make it the occasion of a serious difficulty. At its best, and at its worst, it seems to illustrate a certain unfriendliness towards us on the part of German naval officers, which is strongly disavowed by the Emperor and the German press. The conduct of the Germans at Manila seems to have been annoying because it was boorish and impolite, but all this may be easily removed by the German Emperor and the German nation, and we trust that certain kindly signs that have been given forth in the German press since the signing of the protocol are not misleading.

THE selection of Mr. JOHN HAY as Secretary of State to succeed Secretary DAY is excellent. Mr. HAY is, by long odds, the best equipped man in the Republican party for this position; he has not only had great experience, for an American, having served in France as Secretary of Legation and in the State Department before as Assistant Secretary, but, in addition, has a wide knowledge of public affairs and a wide acquaintance with public men on both sides of the water. Moreover, he is a man possessed of social graces, and one who can maintain fittingly the dignity of the place. He is also, we believe, a firm friend of England, and one who believes in the maintenance and in the increase of the present kindly relations between the United States and Great Britain, which are so full of promise for the future. Mr. McKINLEY is to be congratulated that Mr. HAY is willing to accept the position. We understood, when he was made ambassador to England, that he stipulated that he should not be recalled as Mr. SHERMAN'S successor. Although nothing but good is to be said of Mr. HAY'S appointment, we may be pardoned, in speaking of it, if we express regret at the loss of Secretary DAY. This gentleman, who came to Washington an entirely unknown lawyer from a small Ohio city, has made a large place for himself in the diplomatic history of the country.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT has displayed greater tact and more political sagacity at the present crisis than he has ever shown before, and we hope, for his sake and for the sake of the State, that he will continue to refuse to talk about himself and his chances for the gubernatorial nomination, and to confine himself to expressions of enthusiasm over the fighting qualities of his regiment. If there is virtue enough left in the Republican party of this State to make an impression upon the sordid soul or upon the fears of Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, it is quite likely that Colonel ROOSEVELT'S nomination will be forced upon the boss. We can assure Mr. PLATT that, whatever the result may be to him, Colonel ROOSEVELT'S nomination and election as Governor would be a great good to this commonwealth and a great gain to the Republican party. Thousands of Democrats are willing to cast their votes for Colonel ROOSEVELT, and we do not know of any one else likely to receive the Republican nomination who will make so good a run as he will make. If Mr. PLATT nominates Governor BLACK or any one of his creatures, the issue between the Republican and Democratic parties will be of really very little importance, and the contest will once more be a question between evils —that is, between CROKER and PLATT—and therefore the war will have done no good to the politics of this State.

MR. CECIL RHODES bids fair to come off as victor in the contest now going on in Cape Colony, where issues momentous for all South Africa are to be decided by the vote on September 4. Mr. RHODES is the animating force behind the Progressives, whose programme, as might be anticipated, includes British supremacy in South Africa, a repudiation of the independence of the Transvaal in the sphere of foreign relations, and a more liberal domestic policy than has prevailed in the recent past. The anti-RHODES party is composed chiefly of the Africander or the Dutch element at the Cape. A portion of the Africander party formerly supported Mr. RHODES, but the reaction caused by the JAMIESON raid and England's hostility to the Transvaal drove them into opposition. It has been charged against them that they are intriguing with and receiving financial support from the Transvaal, and recently some admissions made by Africander leaders have weakened their influence with the electors. Charges and countercharges are freely made, and a great deal of bitterness has characterized the campaign. The latest reports go to show that the chances in favor of the Progressives have greatly increased. If they succeed, Mr. RHODES will in all probability resume his former position as premier, and the consequences are sure to be far-reaching. He is a restless spirit, wholly dominated by one idea, and with immense force of will and power of resource devoted to its realization.

IT is always to be regretted when a battle takes place after peace has been declared or an armistice proclaimed between the interested parties. There was some fighting both in Cuba and Puerto Rico after the protocol was signed by the representatives of the Spanish and United States governments, and life was lost, but the most serious event was the bombardment and capture of Manila before the news of peace had reached there. No one, of course, was to blame on either side; the news simply had not reached the military commanders. The event, however, has given the advocates of Philippine annexation a false argument. They now say that as Manila has been taken, and has not surrendered to be held pending negotiations for peace under the protocol, the city and bay belong to the United States, and if not kept must be "given up." This is not only false reasoning, but it is distinctly dishonest. The fact is that an armistice had been declared. The two countries were at peace. The battle and capture were a mistake due to the failure of the news of the peace to reach General MERRITT and Admiral DEWEY. But if the United States should seek to take advantage of its own inability to prevent the continuance of military operations by its own commanders, its conduct would be shystering, pure and simple, and we are glad to believe that no one connected with the administration would connive at any such conduct.

THE Constitution of the United States gives to President McKINLEY the power to make treaties. This power of the President has been encroached upon unduly and wrongfully, and to the injury of the country, by the Senate, which has the power of ratification. We believe it to be the duty of the President to insist most firmly upon his right to negotiate and conclude treaties, and to insist, further, that the Senate shall confine itself to the task of ratification. Now, of all times, the country needs that the Executive shall maintain not only the dignity but the power of his office, and shall, so far as he can, put the legislative branch of the government in its proper place. To ask the Senate, or responsible Senators, to preside at the negotiation of treaties is to encourage undue encroachment upon the Executive power. We are quite sure that a treaty negotiated by Mr. McKINLEY would be a much better treaty for this country in every way than any treaty that may be negotiated by members of the United States Senate. We have more faith in Mr. McKINLEY'S judgment, in his tact, and in his purposes than we have in the judgment or the purposes of the Jingoes of the United States Senate. Mr. McKINLEY, of course, is right in leaving the negotiation of the treaty to commissioners, but we hope that he will appoint a commission which will represent him and his views. And after he has negotiated and signed the treaty, if the United States Senate wishes to take the responsibility of refusing to ratify it, let the onus be upon it. Congress has not played a very admirable part in this war. It robbed Mr. McKINLEY at the beginning of it of a diplomatic victory—it forced a war upon the country before the country was prepared—and the less it has to do with arranging the terms of peace, the better for all concerned. It may be necessary to appoint Senator DAVIS on the commission, for various reasons, but if he is to be a member he should be counterbalanced by ex-Senator EDMUNDS, or some one of the like opinions. Before all, it is necessary that the commission should represent Mr. McKINLEY, and should express his views.

THE question as to who is responsible for the conditions prevailing at Tampa and other camps and at Santiago by reason of which the troops suffered from lack of food, while the sick among them lacked proper medical attendance and medical supplies, must not be allowed to rest. It is quite probable that a good many persons are more or less responsible for failure to avail themselves of supplies that had been furnished by the heads of the various departments at Washington, and whoever has been guilty of negligence and incapacity should be severely dealt with. Medical officers or quartermasters or commissaries should be held to answer for the cruel results of any remissness or of any lack of intelligence and solicitude on their part. No one who has caused unnecessary suffering to the soldiers can be pardoned; but whatever may be the result of an investigation, the great criminal in this case is Congress. It is due to its own incapacity, its own niggardliness, its own failure to realize the necessities of the military services, its own refusal to permit the building up of staff corps for capable and efficient action in an emergency, and to its own interference with such staff corps as we possess, to the successful efforts of its members in obtaining places in those corps for their favorites, that we owe the fact that our staff corps are not as efficient as they should be, even when we consider their size and the material with which Congress has supplied them. And Congress is the criminal for forcing the country into a war without having undertaken to make any adequate preparation for it. This criminal will not be revealed, of course, by a Congressional investigation; and this being the case, it seems to be the duty of the press to point out clearly the fact that whatever the incompetency of which the administrative branches of the government may be guilty, it is Congress which, in the first place, has treated the army and the navy—but the army more than the navy—with indifference, with injustice, and with ignorant disregard of consequences, and, in the second place, it is Congress which shouted itself and the country into a war long before we were ready for it.

RESULTS OF THE WAR.

THE end of the war finds the country with some serious and complicated problems, and some teachings which, it is to be hoped, Congress will be sufficiently humble to take to heart. If, however, the present race of politicians do not rise to their task, which is not only onerous, but which also must compel some measure of self-renunciation and of confession, the people will eventually discover men worthier of the new task which conquest has imposed upon the nation. But it is with our new problems that we are now concerned, and the lessons which the war offers for the politicians may be postponed for the time.

President McKINLEY has played his diplomatic part well and skilfully from the beginning to the end of this unhappy episode in the nation's history. He did his utmost to prevent the war, and Congress robbed him of one of the most brilliant diplomatic victories ever won by an American statesman. And now when he resumes the work of negotiation after the victories of the army and the navy have been won, he is again displaying the qualities which gained success for him in the *ante bellum* diplomacy. Probably Secretary DAY is entitled to a share of the credit for the expedition with which the preliminary discussion with the French ambassador was conducted, but the stamp of the President must be recognized here as in the earlier crisis, for the simple reason that the business methods of both occasions bear so strong a resemblance to each other. We wish that Mr. McKinley might have seen his way clear to a declaration against the folly of holding the Philippines. but it cannot be denied that delay and inquiry into the resources of the islands, and as to the character of their people, will be likely to bring about the desired result without that exasperation of an already excited public mind which would be likely to follow a strong antagonistic declaration by the Executive at present.

The end of the war finds us with Cuba and Puerto Rico and all the islands that Spain has held in the Caribbean Sea for four hundred years in our possession. This old Middle-Age power, whose flag first floated over American territory, is at last and definitely driven out of the Western Hemisphere, and her successor is the young and lusty republic with which, for centuries, the bigoted old monarchy had lived on friendly terms. What will the new master do with its possessions? For all of them will remain its possessions for many years to come. Puerto Rico is to be ours without question, and we will be obliged to retain Cuba until, in the language of the resolution under which this war was begun, a stable government has been established by the people of the island. It is the intention of the administration to carry out this purpose of the resolution in its fullest and broadest significance. The people of Spain and of the United States have rights in Cuba which must be respected and guarded, and the Cuban insurgents, whatever may be said of them by their apologists, have not yet shown that they ought to be intrusted with the control of the island; that the property or the persons of those who were once their enemies, or of those who are likely to become their enemies, can be safely put within their power. How long it will take these islanders to prove not only that they can govern themselves, but that they can treat with justice and humanity those who, by reason of our victory over Spain, are now living under the protection of the United States, is a question that time alone can answer. This we do know, that the United States cannot turn over its recent enemies to Cuban vengeance, and it cannot consent, either, to surrender rule to the Cubans until they have shown themselves ready to make good laws and to administer them wisely, for not only have the Spanish a right to our thoughtfulness, but our own citizens whose interests are in Cuba have the right to demand that we shall be careful of them. We have turned out Spain, and the responsibility for the establishment of a new government that shall take the place of the old rests upon us. Barbarous and hard as was the rule of the old monarchy, we cannot permit its successor to be worse, or even so bad. The result must be that we shall continue to occupy Cuba under military rule for a long time to come. Perhaps this occupation will endure for years. It is quite within the range of possibility that Cuba will remain a colony of the United States. We should regret this exceedingly. When the war began very few intelligent Americans wished to retain Cuba, and we doubt if the number of annexationists has been increased by the knowledge which the war has given us of the character of the Cuban insurgents. Congress was doubtless honest in resolving against a war of aggrandizement, and doubtless also expected that the government of the island could be turned over to its people soon after the conclusion of the war. But events have determined somewhat otherwise, as the more clear-sighted foresaw would be the case. We are loaded down with an island that we did not want. We must hold it until a good government shall be established, or for all time. For many years we must maintain there a large military force, which ought probably to be part of our standing armies. This will add greatly to our taxes; but the duty must be met; and if we are finally forced to accept the island as a colony, we must provide for it a system of government much better and stronger than any method of administration that we now possess for ourselves.

For the present we possess also the city and harbor of Manila, and we shall hold them with a military force until the final government and control of the Philippines shall be determined by treaty. The settlement of this question is the most difficult task to be performed by the Peace Commissioners whom Mr. McKinley will appoint. From what we have said as to our duties in Cuba, which will apply in some degree to our task in Puerto Rico, and from what we know concerning our task in Hawaii, it would seem as though we had assumed sufficiently heavy obligations already, and that it would not be the part of prudence to take on the additional burden of providing and carrying on the government of the savage Philippines. This, we are sure, is the opinion of the President, and likewise it is, we think, the belief of the administration that the inquiries as to population, resources, commerce, harbor facilities, etc., which Admiral Dewey and others have been instructed to make, will convince the country, after the shouting has ceased, that the Philippines are not worth while, and that even if we were an old colonial power, these islands would not be to our advantage.

As to all tropical colonies and their value to this country, we refer our readers to the admirable letter of our London correspondent, Mr. Arnold White, who discusses Great Britain and her colonists on another page. No true and intelligent friend of America here or on the other side of the Atlantic wants us to imitate Great Britain's failures, or to follow in the pathway of blind Continental Europe, whose rulers are not enlightened even by the fate which has at last overtaken Spain. The Englishmen who are urging us to take the Philippines are moved by a desire to have us at hand to help them in their possible war with Russia.

THE DEMOCRATS IN NEW YORK.

That ex-Governor and ex-Senator Hill should have become the champion of the respectable and conservative part of the Democratic party of New York is perhaps the strangest fact in the political situation of the State. It is one of the strangest of political transmutations. Times have changed since Governor Hill was standing by Maynard and urging his appointment to a judicial position as a reward for a piece of party service which the people of the State condemned by an almost unprecedented majority when the moral quality of it became an issue in an election. It is almost as strange to reflect that the ex-Governor and ex-Senator should have acquired his new position by the simple process of sulking in his tent. For the change is due to the fact that, after having opposed with vigor the more crazy planks in the national platform, he sat still and held his tongue and his pen during the ensuing campaign.

Mr. Hill's rival for the boss-ship of the party in the State is Mr. Richard Croker, who stands, of course, upon a much lower plane than that of a merely scheming and unscrupulous and ambitious politician. Mr. Croker is in politics for the sole purpose of looting the city of New York by various modes of blackmail, and especially by the sale of indulgences to commit crime. There is, indeed, no reason why the Tammany boss should trouble himself at all about the politics of the State, except to make secure his opportunity for the exploitation of the city. He cares no more than he knows about the interests or the sentiments of "up the State," except as they may affect his hold upon the criminal classes of the city, including all those who are willing to pay money in order to be allowed to violate the law. No boss of Tammany has thus far attained the eminence of a party boss in the State. When John Kelly, flown with insolence, attempted the larger rôle, his collapse was immediate and inglorious. There is no reason to expect a better fate for his successor.

It is plain that Mr. Hill is much better qualified than Mr. Croker to lead an effective campaign upon State issues—that is the campaign which it is to the interest of the Democrats to make. They cannot make a campaign upon national issues, for the reason that they have no such issues. The one distinctive point of party policy made in their last national platform is the free and unlimited coinage of silver at sixteen to one, and nobody but a lunatic would presume to put that issue forward in a State election in New York. On the other hand, the Republicans have provided the Democrats with a State issue of the most desirable kind. They stand before the people arraigned and in effect convicted of having at least wasted millions upon a scheme for the improvement of the canals which is worthless without the expenditure of many more millions, and of having concealed from the people the necessity of this additional expenditure. But the appearance of Mr. Croker as the leader of a campaign against the waste or peculation of money, either public or private, would be quite too absurd.

In any case, the issue is a germane and legitimate issue, and the Republicans are distinctly upon the wrong side of it. The party interest of the Republicans is to shift the issue to national politics, and to try to carry the election by an appeal to the successful conduct of the war. That can be done only by nominating a Republican with a brilliant "war record," if any such be available. One such and only one such there is available. Theodore Roosevelt would undoubtedly make the voters forget, while he was a candidate, about the "canal steal," while he would undoubtedly himself remember it to some purpose after he became Governor. It would be obviously "good politics" in the party sense for the Republicans to nominate him, but it might be very bad for the personal interests of some Republican politicians.

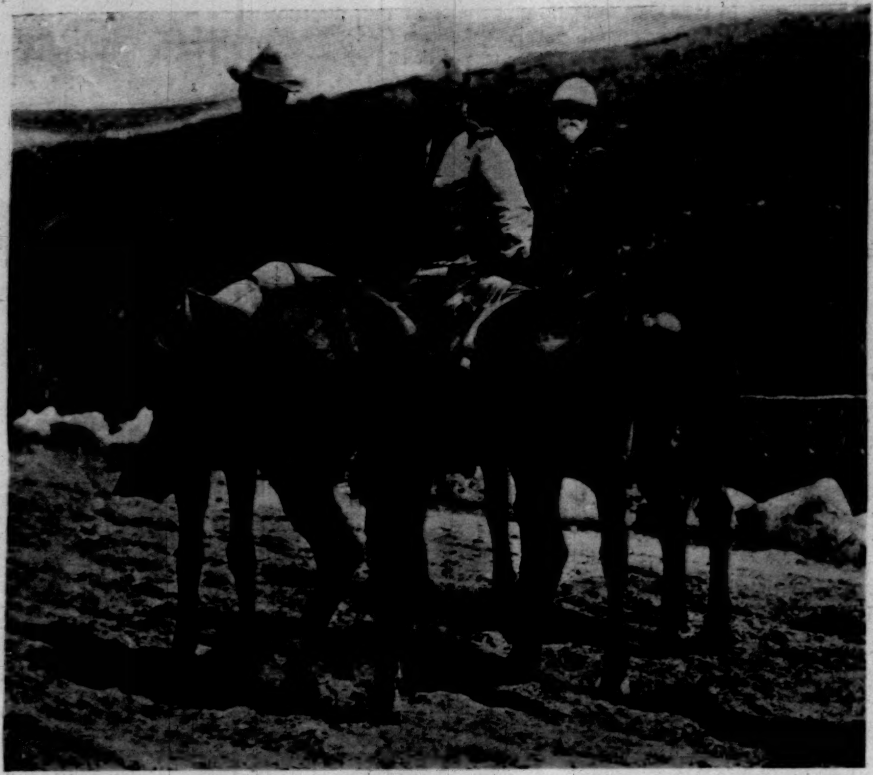
THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

The appointment of the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon to the Viceroyalty of India at a time when the great dependency is passing through a crisis almost as severe as and considerably more complicated than the rebellion of '57, is about as interesting a leap in the dark as Disraeli's choice of Lord Lytton for the same office. Mr. Curzon is chiefly known for his omniscience. He has been everywhere and seen everything, knows all the men and reads all the books, has written most of them and abstracted the rest—to quote the criticism of a fellow-member who was intensely annoyed by Mr. Curzon's superior airs. That may or may not have been a little too harsh, but it is doing the late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs no injustice to say that the outside world so far has seen in him only a very clever young man, whose passion for statesmanship and knowledge of Eastern affairs have yet to bear visible fruit. His appointment must be taken largely on trust.

Foremost among the questions which the war, famine, and pestilence of the last two years have brought to the front is what has come to be known as the Forward Policy, and with it are bound up the state of Indian finances and the overwhelming authority of the military men. Nature has provided the northwestern frontier of India with a wide and desolate barrier of mountain land, inhabited by tribes to whom independence, varied with a little internecine fighting, is everything. The old English policy was to stay on the hither side of this barrier, and as much as possible leave the tribes to themselves. If the Afridis or the Mohmands or the Swatis attacked a British outpost, a force was sent into their territory, a wholesome chastisement followed, and the troops returned to their old quarters. No attempt was made to bring the insurgents under British authority or meddle with their independence. They were simply conquered and fined, and taught to remember who were the rulers of India. The policy was not dazzling or brilliantly aggressive; but it was cheap, which meant much, and it was just, which meant more. It was an open and understood arrangement on both sides.

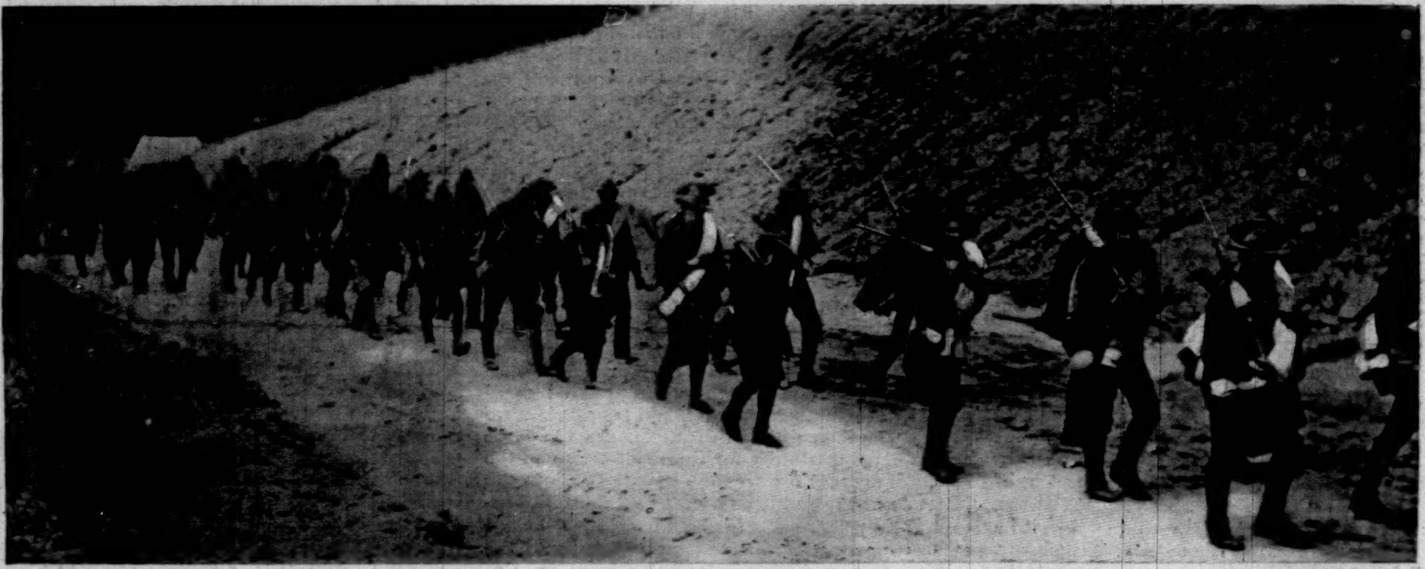
This safe and quietly progressive policy, the work of the civil administrators of the Punjab, has been done away with by the political generals at Simla, who know next to nothing of frontier government, and cannot bear the idea of retreating from a conquered territory. Their plan now is to establish outposts in this mountain wilderness, drive military roads through the rebellious districts, and "overawe the tribes" by a permanent display of force. The Liberal government pledged itself in 1894 to retire from Chitral. The Conservatives were no sooner in office than they allowed themselves to be dictated to by the military faction in Simla, and ordered the retention of Chitral. Naturally, as all the civil-service experts had foretold, the natives could not reconcile the constant presence of a British garrison with the independence which had been formally guaranteed to them. The revolts all along the frontier last year were not due to the Amir of Afghanistan, nor to the Sultan's successes over Greece, nor to a revival of Islamism, nor to the preachings of a mad mulla, but simply to Great Britain's act of bad faith in garrisoning a district from which she had promised to retire.

The first thing that is expected of the new Viceroy is the abandonment of the forward policy. Mr. Curzon is an Imperialist through and through, but some of his speeches during the height of the Afridi campaign showed that he understood and regretted the real cause of the uprising. Whether he will have the courage to resist the pressure of military opinion, and put his trust in the civil servants, whose life-work is frontier administration, is more dubious. There is nothing in the forward policy but a love of military aggrandizement. It facilitates rather than guards against an invasion from the north; it converts indifferent tribesmen into active enemies; and it is ruinously costly. Already India is taxed to a point where any further imposition might easily provoke an insurrection. The unusual expenses of the last two years have left her with a heavy deficit, and comparative peace on the border—there is never an actual peace—is necessary to save her from bankruptcy. According to the belief of some of the best judges in England, the subordination of the military party is essential to India's salvation, and Mr. Curzon's Viceroyalty is likely to be decisive one way or the other.



GENERAL WHEELER AND COLONEL ROOSEVELT RIDING INTO CAMP.
General Wheeler on Right.

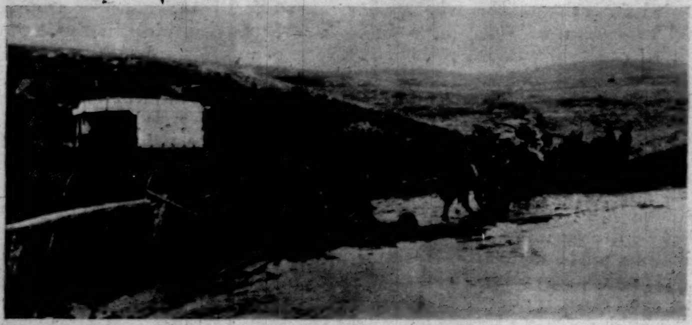
MAJOR-GENERAL YOUNG, COMMANDING CAMP WIKOFF.



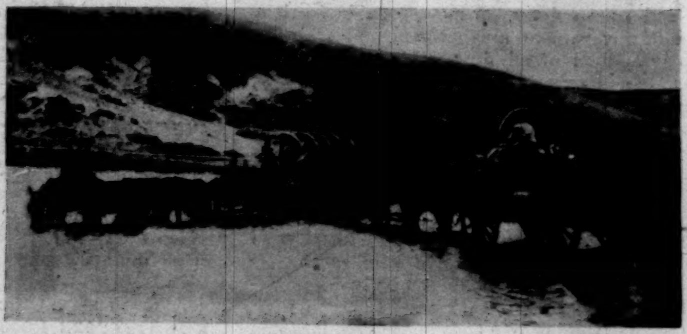
THE 3D CAVALRY MARCHING TO THE DETENTION CAMP.

THE 9TH CAVALRY ON GUARD AT THE QUARANTINE LINE.

CAPTAIN HIGGINS OF THE 15TH (PENN.) SIGNAL CORPS.

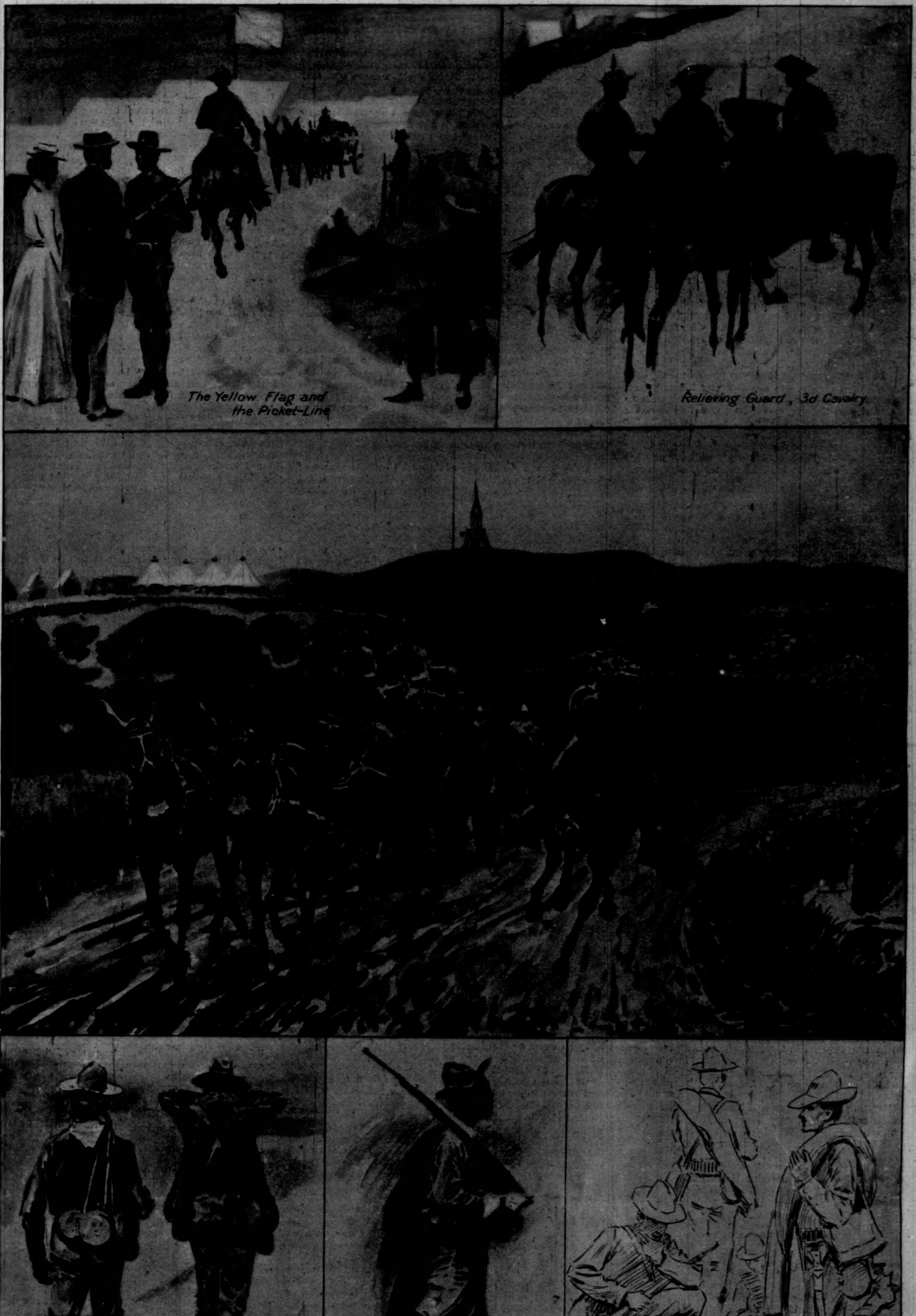


ON THE WAY TO CAMP.



A SCENE IN CAMP—WATERING MULES WHILE DRAWING SUPPLY-WAGONS.

SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT, LONG ISLAND.


The Yellow Flag and the Picket-Line
Relieving Guard, 3d Cavalry
Carrying Water
Rough Rider on Guard
71st Just arrived from Santiago

SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Wise heads are still wagging over the report from Vienna of the discovery, by Professor Lilienfeld, of a method of producing albumen from the products of coal-tar. The chemists tell us that albumen is the indispensable property in animal food that makes us eat it; so the deduction has been drawn that if we can get our albumen from coal-tar, we will not have to eat meat. That sort of deduction is better adapted to make attractive head-lines to a cable despatch than to carry conviction to the soul of a hungry man, so there was hardly need of the warning which has followed the original news, that while Dr. Lilienfeld has doubtless made a valuable chemical discovery, the usefulness of artificial albumen as food is still to be determined.

The investigation of the war promises to make more trouble and to induce harder fighting than the war itself. The desire is very earnest that every one who did anything that was wrong or omitted to do anything that should have been done shall be caught and punished. It makes a serious prospect, and any citizen who finds that his vacation comes opportunely for him to abstain from reading the newspapers for a month after peace is declared will doubtless miss much reading that would tend to make his spirit grieve. It seems possible that there may be overmuch enthusiasm about fixing blame on individuals. There may be some individuals who need to be overhauled, but the average citizen will feel that the great purpose of investigation and the great warrant for publicity in all that concerns our war-making is the correction of the system, and the improvement of our methods of military administration, so that when we have another war to conduct we may do it in a workmanlike manner.

The report, which seems not at this writing to have been successfully contradicted, that a member of General Merritt's staff has become engaged to be married to a Honolulu princess, brings with it premonitions of the novel sensations that may be in store for American society as a result of the enlargement of our boundaries. General Merritt and his staff made only a short stay at Honolulu. If one engagement has resulted from that passing visit, what are we to look for as the result of a protracted experience of the society of Manila? Some very obstinate bachelors went with General Merritt; but it is one thing to be an obstinate bachelor in the United States, and another and possibly a more difficult thing to be one in the Philippines. For one thing, we are told that it costs so little to live in Manila that even the poorest American officer might safely permit his thoughts to turn toward domestication. And then the Philippine ladies have some extraordinary special recommendations. They don't wear stockings or bonnets, and they glory more in their hair than in their clothes. It is true each of them wants a pino-cloth gown, and pino cloth is dear; but there is not very much to a Philippine lady's gown, and as the fashions do not change much in the Philippines, a best gown lasts very much longer there than here.

Whether there are native princesses in the Philippines, and what are their quality and circumstances, does not appear, but doubtless we shall know when General Merritt's staff gets back.

In view of the probability that Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock* will be the next yacht to sail for the *America's* cup, it is expedient that we make Sir Thomas's acquaintance and try to discern what manner of man he is. The announcement came by cable, almost simultaneously with the news of the prospect of a challenge, that he had given a hundred thousand pounds to a Princess-of-Wales fund to provide cheap meals for London working-men. We may infer from that that he has money to spare and is not averse to spending it, provided the occasion appeals to him.

He is an Irishman by derivation, though born in Glasgow, Scotland. He laid the foundation of his fortune by selling Irish bacon to the Scotch. When Irish bacon ceased to be procurable in quantities big enough to supply the markets he found for it, he fell back on Chicago, where he has long had large interests in the pork-packing industry. His fortune is said to have been very greatly swelled by investments in Ceylon, where, after the coffee-bug had destroyed the coffee plantations, he bought a number of estates that came into the market and planted them with tea. It was an experiment, and turned out to be successful and very profitable.

Besides being rich, shrewd, and benevolent, Sir Thomas is credited with being a very lively sportsman, who will make the best race that British wits and British money can provide for, and will prove in all respects a good and reasonable man to sail against.

The promotion of Ambassador Hay to succeed Judge Day as Secretary of State calls attention once more to the unusual proportion of plums in Colonel Hay's cake. No one questions that the new Secretary is an able and deserving person, or that he has shown himself equal to difficult jobs of great variety and importance. If there is a man in the country who is handy with his intellectuals, Colonel Hay is that person; but he has been a lucky man, too. One gets the impression, from running over the facts of his career, that he has managed, in a very unusual degree, to combine a pleasing maximum of achievement and distinction with a minimum of disagreeable drudgery. Of course there has been drudgery, but it seems to have been nearly all either pleasant or done under exceeding stirring and interesting conditions.

He was born in Indiana in 1838—a time when the Middle West was in a particularly likely state to grow up with. His father was a physician, and in due time sent him to Brown University, where he was graduated in 1858. His grandfather lived, or had lived, in Springfield, Illinois. He went there to study law, and in 1859 became a student in the office of Abraham Lincoln. If there was an instructive place in the country about that time it was Lincoln's law-office. Mr. Hay learned politics there, and when Lincoln went to Washington his law clerk went with him. For the next five years Mr. Hay undoubtedly worked hard. In the course of the war he got a little military experience, and earned his title of Colonel. After Lincoln's death he spent two years in Paris as secretary of legation, and then several years in Madrid in the same capacity, one fruit of which was *Castilian Days*, which still ranks as a good book. In 1868 he became *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna, and two years later came home and joined the staff of the New York *Tribune*. In 1879 he became Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Evarts, and when the Hayes administration went out he went back to the *Tribune*, which he edited, in the absence of Mr. Reid, during the critical period of the quarrel between Garfield and Conkling. Editing a New York newspaper in those days was a different job from what it is now, and was done somewhat less with the nose than of late years and somewhat more with the other faculties. Colonel Hay edited the *Tribune* to the satisfaction of Mr. Reid.

Meanwhile Colonel Hay had married the daughter of Mr. Stone of Cleveland, a rich and discerning man, who had so many uses for an able son-in-law that, in 1881, Colonel Hay stopped newspapering in New York and went to live in Cleveland. It is suspected that while there he wrote the successful novel *The Bread-winners*, but that has never been proved. Mr. Stone died and left him his executor, with very large business interests to look after. Colonel Hay looked after them, and built a notable house in Washington, where he spent his winters. There he and Mr. Nicolay wrote their *Life of Lincoln*. What Colonel Hay busied himself about between the completion of that labor and his appointment to London is not all clear, but some of his time seems to have been profitably spent in helping to bring about the nomination and election of Major McKinley. He has been a successful Ambassador to England, and will doubtless make an efficient Secretary of State, though it may seem to him rather a hardship to be promoted from the most agreeable place in the President's gift to one that promises for some time to come to be exceptionally laborious and difficult.

In the New York *Herald* of August 15 was a report of some of the impressions and conclusions that have resulted from the protracted experiences of Dr. Richard Hodgson, of the Society of Psychical Research in England, with Mrs. Piper, the famous medium of Arlington, Massachusetts. Mrs. Piper has been much talked about, and more or less written about, and is known as a medium through whom very wonderful and perplexing things are done. Dr. Hodgson's record of such of her exploits and experiences as have come under his observation is reported to have been turned over to the Psychical Research Society, and is stated to be very curious and engaging reading. The departed person who for the last five years has appeared to communicate through Mrs. Piper with persons in this world is described in the *Herald* as "G. P., a young literary man, who met his death accidentally in New York in 1892." This "G. P.," who seems easily identified as George Pellew, was a friend of Dr. Hodgson, and had discussed psychical matters with him. Though not believing in a future life, he had shown interest in that problem, and had volunteered to assure Dr. Hodgson that if he should die in time he would make every effort to communicate with him through Mrs. Piper. Before "G. P.'s" death Mrs. Piper's familiar spirit was one Dr. Pennuit, who gave himself out as a French physician. This person was ousted by "G. P.," who seems now to have monopolized the medium's facilities for communication.

Dr. Hodgson complains that he cannot report and publish some of the most convincing of the phenomena that came to his notice, because the communications made had to do with such very private personal affairs. His conclusion, so far as he has gone, seems to be that there is no hypothesis that would account for what he has observed which would not be more preposterous and incredible than the theory that he has had communication with the spirit of a departed person. At present, therefore, he admits a belief in spiritism. Professor William James, of Harvard, has been a careful observer of Mrs. Piper, and he agrees absolutely with Dr. Hodgson that, whatever other explanation may be made of her performances, the theory of fraud is not to be entertained. Mrs. Piper has been under notice by skilled and distrustful scientific observers for fifteen years. Dr. Hodgson's report alone covers nearly five hundred instances of phenomena in which she was concerned.

Rear-Admiral William A. Kirkland, who died at the Mare Island Navy Yard in San Francisco, was born in North Carolina in 1836, and began his long service in the navy when he was fourteen years old. He became passed-midshipman in 1856, and was commissioned lieutenant in 1858. During most of the civil war he was stationed away from home, with the Brazil Squadron until 1862, and at the China station and in the East Indies until 1864, but he was ordered back in time to take part in the capture of Mobile in 1864. In later years he was in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard (1885), was supervisor of New York Harbor (1889), and was commandant of the League Island Navy Yard at Philadelphia. He was commissioned commodore in 1893, rear-admiral in 1894, and commanded the European station for more than a year, until November, 1895. In July, 1896, he was put in command of the navy-yard at San Francisco, and though he was retired last July, the intention was that he should retain his command until the end of the war with Spain. He died from the effect of a surgical operation. He was reprimanded by Secretary Herbert for sending a letter of congratulation to President Faure on his election as President of France, but he held that the letter was a personal one which grew out of his acquaintance with M. Faure. Some comments he made in a newspaper interview on the American missionaries in Syria brought him a good deal of hostile criticism; but his naval record was good, and he was regarded as a highly efficient officer.

It is rumored that the court martial which tried Captain Oberlin M. Carter found him guilty of defrauding the government, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the army, to be imprisoned for not less than ten or more than twenty years, and to suffer further penalties and disgrace. It will be remembered that Captain Carter's trial began some months before the war with Spain broke out, and that the findings of the court have long been in the hands of the Secretary of War. The sentence, whatever it may be, has not yet been approved, and how much of it will take effect remains to be seen. If the report about it is true, it is exceedingly severe. But Captain Carter's offence, if he was guilty, as charged, was not only exceedingly grave, but extremely unusual. Dishonesty in engineer officers who have charge of public works is almost unknown, and it has been stated, though perhaps not correctly, that Captain Carter's case is the first of its kind on record.

In the absence of Admiral Dewey, Admiral Cervera seems to be the favorite naval hero of the hour. The return of the fleet that sunk his ships—which at this writing is still in prospect—will doubtless be the occasion of new demonstrations which may overshadow those that have attended him, but undoubtedly he has had all the polite attention he cared for, and perhaps somewhat more than was absolutely consistent with entire politeness or with his personal comfort. His progress to Portsmouth and back was, all things considered, altogether unparalleled in the emotions that characterized it, and indeed the good-will and immense interest the kind admiral excited came finally to be somewhat amusing. At Portsmouth, the newspapers say, he kissed a baby. Nothing but his return to Spain before our fall elections can insure him against being sent to Congress.

Friends of the government boast that the gum now used on Uncle Sam's adhesive stamps is of a much better quality than formerly, and that stamps no longer stick together in damp weather. This last assertion is to be taken with allowances, but persons who have carried stamps to the sea-shore, and exposed them to fogs and dampness, report that they have continued usable most of the time, and that it is not as necessary as formerly to take special precautions with them. Time was when summer boarders at the sea-shore kept their postage-stamps overnight in a cup of water, as some persons keep their teeth. It is not necessary to do so now, and Uncle Sam himself reports a great saving of trouble and expense because his own supplies of postage-stamps in sheets do not stick together in storage. There is still some grumbling about the taste of the gum, but much of that is due to force of habit. The government mucilage is not intended to be edible, and the back of the stamps ought not to taste so good as to be a temptation to children. Most persons can lick three or four contemporary stamps without discomfort. For more squeamish persons there might be a profit in stamps with sugar-coated backs, but that may safely be left to private enterprise. There is no foundation at all for the libellous statement sometimes heard that the present government gum has intoxicating properties and undermines the habits of stamp clerks. It can be used with entire safety so far as is reasonably necessary.

The growth of suburban trolley lines promises to affect the habits of the American people about as much as the invention of the bicycle. At first the trolley merely superseded the horse as a means of hauling street cars in the cities, but it long ago passed that use and sped far beyond the boundaries of cities, until now, from being a mere means of necessary transportation it has come to do an immense business in carrying folks who ride for pleasure. A few years ago driving on country roads was a luxury reserved for persons who had horses or could hire them. Then the bicyclists claimed their share of the country and everywhere made their claim good. Now all over the land the trolley makes long country rides possible to thousands of persons who are too young, or too old, or too infirm or lazy to ride bicycles, and too poor or too timid to drive horses. Trolleying through a pretty country in good weather is an admirable amusement. It is cool, clean, safe, and refreshing. We are told that its effect is observable, in many places, in the improved health of city babies, whose mothers are able to carry them now on long rides, where they get good air and cool off. Trolleying is a standard summer resource in Washington, where it affords the easiest means of keeping cool. It is a recognized resource in New York, and, apparently, everywhere else. Between Boston and Mount Desert, along the New England coast, with its remarkable succession of summer hotels, there is now almost a continuous line of trolley railroads. They run from village to village, and from port to port, and wherever the seafaring pleasure-seeker goes ashore he finds summer boarders trolleying in shoals up and down the country, and getting the most for their money that summer boarders ever got. A great institution is the trolley-car. It beats the livery horse out of sight, and is the worthy fellow of the bicycle.

The boys and girls in various parts of the country who have interested themselves in various schemes to raise money to build a battle-ship may easily find some outlet for their energy which is better suited to their tender years, and the accomplishment of which is less absurdly disproportionate to their strength. Two Cincinnati boys, Willy Good and Harry Price, are reported to be travelling about from city to city, raising money among the school-children to build a ship to replace the *Maine*. They went to Washington and called on the President, who, instead of giving them true fatherly advice, expressed great interest in their plan and gave them a letter of recommendation. It was reported a fortnight ago that they had already raised $35,000. Nevertheless, Willy and Harry would do well to return to Cincinnati and to private life, and let Uncle Sam build his ships with his own money. His need of a new ship is not violently pressing just at the present moment, and he has several good ones a-making and will soon start some more.

Miss Mary Mears, of Chicago, is also reported to be fired with the ambition to raise money for a new battle-ship among American girls; she does not want the girls to be outdone by the boys. In evidence of her capacity, it is recorded by a contemporary newspaper that she is a pianist of considerable skill, and teaches a Bible-class of young men. None the less, building battle-ships is too big a task for her, and unsuitable in other particulars. She would do better to stick to her Bible-class, and teach her boys that fighting is usually inexpedient and not infrequently wrong.

So also of the unknown person who has started an endless chain that carries dimes for a battle-ship to Secretary Long. That is a bad plan, too, and bothers the Secretary, who won't receive the dimes, and don't know what to do with them.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

August 6, 1898.

The recent Parliamentary discussion on the question of British influence in the Yang-tse Valley has touched only the surface of the question. The subject of national extension or expansion is one that affects in different ways, but at the same time, the future of the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic. The proposals of American statesmen with regard to the Philippines affect Great Britain in much the same way as the latter's treatment of the question of the "open door" in China affects the United States. It is worth while to explore the question of British expansion more thoroughly than is possible in a debate in the House of Commons, where the interests of political parties are apt to supersede considerations of national welfare. There are seven reasons which have induced Great Britain and other nations in former times to embark on the policy of extension. Four of these causes have now ceased to operate in the British Empire. The first cause of extension was the foundation of colonies as penal settlements. New South Wales, Norfolk Island, and Tasmania were originally intended expressly as penal settlements, and they were used as Siberia and New Caledonia are now used by Russia and France respectively. In former years the West Indies were supplied with labor from convict sources. Neither England nor America now requires penal colonies; but the fact of France continuing to transport convicts to French islands in the Pacific is a present and future source of trouble between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races.

The second object has been the foundation of colonies as an outlet for political or religious exiles. To this cause was due the foundation of Maryland by the Roman Catholics and the New England States by the Puritans. This cause has practically ceased to operate in Britain, except in the case of Irishmen, who avoid, however, for the most part, emigration to the British colonies.

The third object was the formation of military garrisons. This was the idea with which most of the Roman colonies were founded; and it is also operative in maintaining a way of communication—that is, coaling-stations—between London and the extremities of the empire. Gibraltar and Aden are examples of military garrisons which are maintained solely to keep up the nervous system of the empire. Gibraltar and Aden, therefore, really depend not upon their own intrinsic value, but on British rule and British interests in India, Australia, and China.

The fourth and commonest cause of extension has been to feed the mother-country with tribute, exclusive trade, or direct revenue. Such tribute was collected by Athens and Persia in olden times, and by Spain and Portugal up to the present year. Since 1776 England has learned that not ascendency but equality is the only means of maintaining the integrity of the empire. To sum up, the Anglo-Saxon race does not require to use colonies as penal settlements, does not collect tribute from them, does not value them as outlets for a discontented population, while, so far as England is concerned, the naval and military chain of communications is pretty well established, and requires no substantial additions. So much for the obsolete reasons for colonization, which operate no longer either in England or America.

The positive value of extension is to be divided under three heads: first, increase of trade; second, a healthy outlet for surplus population; third, because the union between the English who live in England and those who live in the colonies gives to every subject of the Queen a better position in the world than he would have as the inhabitant of a little, an independent, but an isolated state. That these advantages are real is shown by the fact that the British Empire, outside the United Kingdom, takes more than one-third of the goods manufactured in these islands for exportation. Secondly, man for man, even under the operation of free trade, the inhabitants of Britain beyond the seas consume an amount of British manufactures out of all proportion to the consumption of foreigners. Thirdly, the markets in important outlying parts of the British Empire are rapidly increasing, while alien markets are as rapidly diminishing. Fourthly, since protection seems to be the rule of all the large states, the advantage to Britain of trade with the colonies, on such lines as those laid down by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the case of Canada, is likely to be of great value in the future.

This rapid glance at the British colonial position may enable Americans to judge for themselves how far the policy of extension meets their own national wants. If America requires no penal settlements, exiles no religious or political refugees, does not hanker after military garrisons in isolated posts, and rejects the idea of collecting tribute from newly acquired possessions, the only reasons for the formation of American colonies are for an outlet for a surplus population, to enhance the position already occupied in the world by the United States, or to increase American trade. Every one knows that India and Egypt do not add to the strength of Britain. It is true that Lord Beaconsfield sent Indian troops to Malta, and Sikh regiments have repeatedly been sent to the Soudan or to Uganda. But India can never be denuded of troops, the garrison of 289,238 officers and men being barely sufficient to maintain the British Raj. Furthermore, the Indian Empire constantly entails upon Britain great anxiety in the field of foreign politics. Our difficulties with Russia are all traceable to our position in India. Whatever power holds India must either hold its own in Egypt, Persia, or China, or submit to a process of gradual but certain extinction.

Apart, therefore, from the glory, prestige, or reputation derived from mere territorial possession, the advantage which we get from the ownership of India is purely commercial. Heavy though the burden be, expulsion from India, or its abandonment, would mean the death-knell of the British Empire. A fatal blow to the purchasing power of India would be struck in the desperate conflict which would rage before we were defeated. Anarchy on a colossal scale would follow the retirement of Britain from India and Egypt. The material prosperity of the two countries would disappear. No bad times ever known in England would be even a pale reflection of what would ensue in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands. Whole counties would be utterly ruined. The material importance of our connection with India necessitates instant readiness for war, enormous and increasing expenditure on armaments. The expenditure throughout the British Empire during the current year for naval and military forces alone is little short of $350,000,000. This expenditure is necessary, and, enormous though it be, is scarcely felt. It is the premium of insurance paid upon the trade which is essential to our existence, owing to our dependence on regions outside the British Isles.

The truth of the matter is that the idea of expansion is rarely thought out; certainly not in Great Britain. So long as the temperate places on the earth's surface were unoccupied there could be no question as to the wisdom of their settlement by people of the English-speaking race, but the old bad system of British colonization was an irrational jumble of two conflicting ideas. Before America became a nation the old colonial system claimed to rule the colonists because they were Englishmen and brothers, yet sought to rule them as if they were subjugated Indians—that is, as Germany and France rule their colonies to-day. While therefore it treated them as an inferior or a conquered people, it gave them so much liberty that they could easily rebel. This hybrid conception of colonial empire was responsible for England's delay in breaking off from the Spanish or Venetian conception of the true functions of a dependency. No one ever thought of inquiring whether Middlesex or Aberdeenshire rendered any sufficient return for the money laid out upon them, and until Canada, Australia, and the Cape became to us as Kent and Cornwall, no real tie united the various and widely separated parts of the British Empire.

In other words, the British Empire to-day is, spite of appearances, not merely held together by considerations of profit and loss, but by a bond analogous to that which unites the members of a family. To speak, therefore, of the "colonial possessions" of England is a misnomer. England has no colonies. She has not a square mile of territory in any temperate climate in the world to which she can send, as of right, her surplus population. It is because Spain has treated Cuba and Puerto Rico as *possessions* that she is losing them. In no sense can one English-speaking population be spoken of as the possession of another population of the same race. Some of the colonial premiers who were in England last year for the Queen's Jubilee were by no means reticent in expressing their dislike for the terms "colony" and "colonist." Sir Wilfrid Laurier claimed "nationhood" for Canada, and in so doing advanced the cause of imperial federation. The word "colony" or "colonial possession" is inapplicable to the daughter states of Britain, because at the bottom of it is the idea that a colony is an estate which has to be worked for the benefit of the mother-country. Since all the colonies of Spain were, in a certain sense, conquered dependencies, it is evident how the barbaric principle pervaded her colonial system, and how it lurked there, poisoning the happiness of men, until it died a violent death at the hand of President McKinley and his government.

Properly speaking, and certainly if we exclude India, the British Empire is not an empire at all. It is merely a nation so widely dispersed that before the age of the three-cylinder engine and cheap telegraphy the bonds of language, race, common law, and religious faith were practically cut by sheer distance. As soon as the obstacle of distance began to disappear by the advance of science, political union over vast areas began to be possible; and as Greater Britain has had eighty years' start over the Latins, the Teutons, and the Slavs, the British nation is not only a reality, but a far more robust reality than the conglomeration of Slavs, Turkomans, Poles, Germans, Finns, Armenians, Greeks, Buddhists, Mussulmans, Catholics, and Protestants which goes by the name of Russia.

If what is written above is correctly stated, it follows that the British Empire outside the British Islands consists of two parts; the one, the temperate regions, inhabited by English-speakers, which add both to the political strength and the material wealth of the nation; and the other, the tropical regions, which are a source of political weakness, and involve enormous outlay, but contribute to the wage fund, indispensable to a manufacturing nation dependent for food and necessaries grown in other lands. Since the destiny of the bulk of the temperate regions of the earth's surface has been in the hands of English-speaking people for a century or more, it is interesting to note that the future government of tropical or sub-tropical regions of the earth seems likely to fall into the same system of control. As Mr. Benjamin Kidd has pointed out in a remarkable contribution to the London *Times*, on the subject of the "Control of the Tropics," we are living in a period of new and higher standards of national duty in our relations to the tropics. If the United States pursues the path of extension, it seems likely that American experience of tropical control will be identical with that of this country. That experience may be briefly summed up as necessitating the creation of a high-minded, unselfish, incorruptible, and continuous civil service for the administration of the affairs of people of a different and lower race than that of their masters. Expansion, furthermore, involves anxious responsibilities in foreign politics; collision with ambitious powers; the adoption of the European principle of militarism; a standing army; a powerful navy; continual temptation to the policy of adventure, and the tendency towards constant expansion as the only alternative to national contraction and retreat.

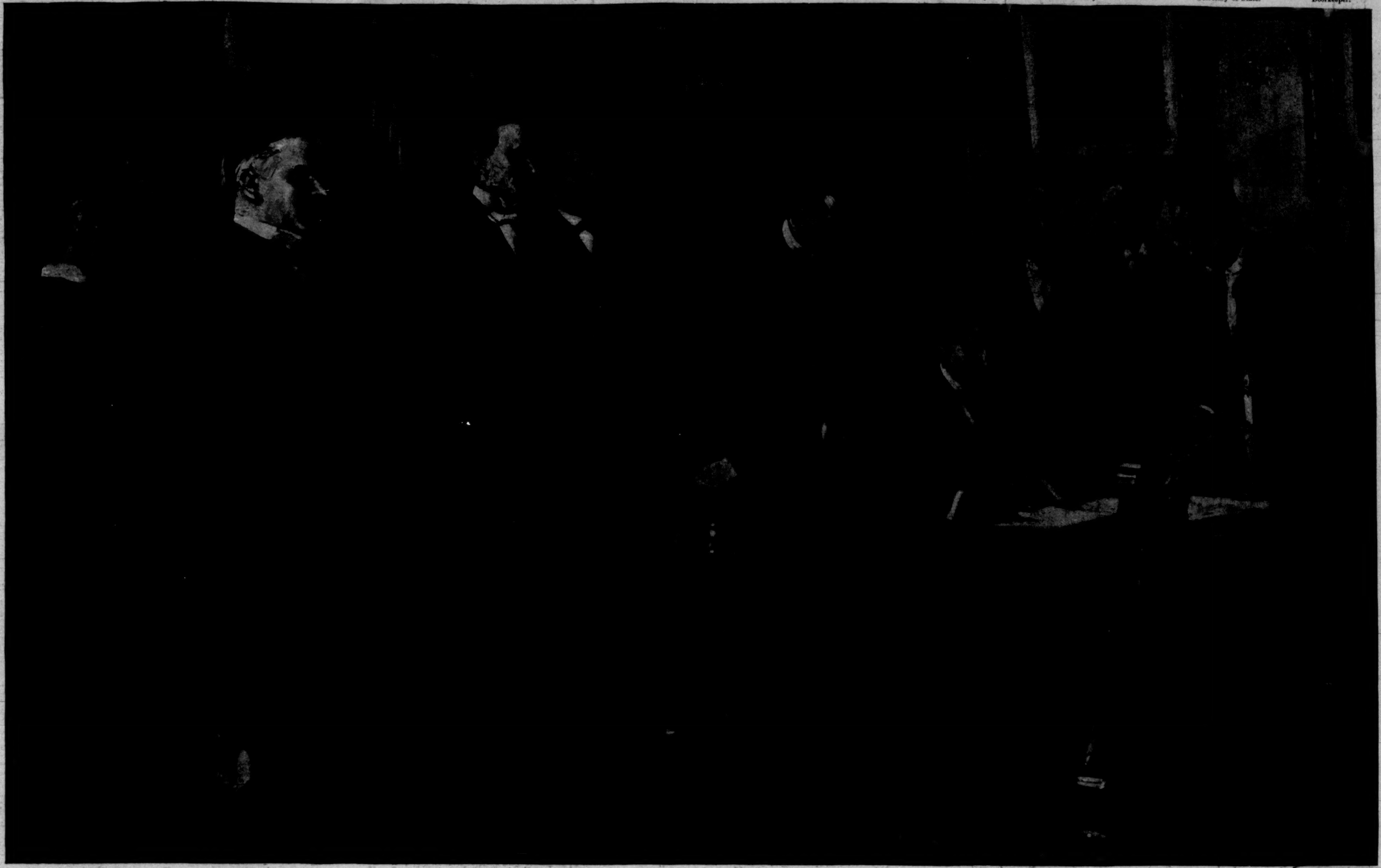
Tropical expansion is a necessity of life to England, but it makes readiness for and organized victory in war the two conditions of existence. How far the United States will be satisfied with the policy of extension when it is discovered that the burdens entailed thereby are palpably out of all proportion greater than the material advantages to be derived, is a matter upon which the impartial historian of the future may probably have much to say. Every Englishman of weight with whom I have conversed on the matter, without exception, has expressed unfeigned delight at the prospect of American extension. This joy is the result not of altruistic affection, but of natural pleasure that the prospect of a collision in the Far East between the rulers of Siberia and of India is not likely to find the English unfriended and alone. The preparations of the universal world for a great killing were never more complete. Amity or Armageddon—which is the end?

Armageddon, notwithstanding the "open door" in China, is a necessity of existence. Millions of unborn English children will either live comfortably on the product of trade with the future inhabitants of the teeming Yang-tse Valley, or they will be compelled to drag on a joyless and hungry existence. If Britain were ousted from Persia and China, the present generation would immediately feel the blow, while its successor would be deprived of much of its sources of income; but since men will fight rather than famish, the certainty of a collision between Russia and England for the mastery of Asia does not hang on the opinions of ministers or the tastes of the monarch, but on the bread-and-butter question, which is the dominant factor in social problems. So far British policy has dismally failed in China, while, at the same time, it has scored signal successes in Egypt, and if Kitchener is successful in his September battle at Omdurman, a further triumph of British policy in Egypt will be recorded. The contrast is startling, but not difficult to explain. The Queen heartily approves of the Egyptian policy of advance, while her Majesty is apprehensive of the result of an adventurous policy in China. Both in Egypt and China the hand which guides British policy is the same; the rival influences to be encountered are the same; the difficulties to be overcome are identical; yet, while in Egypt the British are accustomed to look for success in their diplomacy, finance, and arms, we open our newspapers with the expectation of finding a new rebuff to British policy in the Far East with the morning chop, toast, and tea.

The only defence made by ministers for the humiliating failure of their policy in China is the record of a number of details in which England may be held to have profited. The speech in which Mr. George Curzon defended the government was torn to pieces in the course of an able and impartial survey of the situation by Sir Edward Grey, who filled the position of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under the last government. Sir Edward Grey has long been marked out for high office, and from the time I first heard him speak I have always believed that he would some day be Prime Minister of England. Mr. Gladstone once spoke in conversation of Sir Edward Grey as "a man who combined greater capacity and less inclination for public affairs" than any one he ever knew. Sir Edward Grey's summary of the situation in China is generally accepted as accurate. We are being gradually but most effectually squeezed out. The "open door" is shut in Manchuria. When Great Britain obtained the lease of Wei-hai-wei, the British government quite spontaneously disclaimed all right to construct railways in the territory behind that port. In the German sphere of influence, therefore, the door was slammed in his own face by Lord Salisbury himself. In the South the French are claiming exclusive privileges, which, if granted, will shut off Burmah precisely as Sierra Leone is closed in by the French Hinterland in West Africa. Worst of all, the Yang-tse Valley, which we were given to understand by the statements of ministers to be English, turns out to be less English than it is Russian or German. Matters are approaching a crisis, and although John Bull is ponderously slow to act, and most unwilling to bestir himself, there is no doubt whatever that the test case has now arisen in which either England or Russia must retreat. There is not the least danger of Russia fighting until her Siberian railway is complete, but if Count Muravieff and his bellicose *entourage* were ill advised enough to court a conflict, it would be far better for England that the struggle should take place at once than that it should be postponed until Russia has strengthened her fleet and completed her communications with the Far East. I am informed to-day that one wire to St. Petersburg has been monopolized by government for the last twenty-four hours.

The mysteries of the Hooley case which have followed the revelations of the fallen company-promoter have given rise to startling developments beyond all anticipation. Mr. Hooley is giving his evidence on oath, and has sworn that in the course of his transactions he has bought the city editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal owned by Mr. W. W. Astor, and also dealt in other lesser luminaries of the financial world. The reputations of the Earl of Albemarle, of Earl Delawarr, and other company-directors of noble birth are in everybody's mouth. The examination takes place for a few hours on one day in the week. If Mr. Hooley is telling the truth, it is a pity that the whole truth is not brought out more rapidly. If he is not telling the truth, it is a gross injustice to the people whose reputations are aspersed that they are left powerless to rebut the reflections on their characters until some period of time in the dim and distant future. Probity in her public men is the sheet-anchor of Britain. The maintenance of a high standard in public life is essential not only to the welfare but to the existence of the British Empire. It is every one's interest to see that this standard is maintained and improved. The noble lords and other eminent personages who are compromised in the Hooley revelations will therefore be compelled to clear themselves or retire from public life. Upon the completeness of the process England will be justly judged by foreign opinion. France has had her Panama scandal, and is now wallowing in the mud of the Dreyfus business. She has not dared to probe either of these iniquities to the bottom. It is therefore the duty of honest men generally to bring to bear upon their rulers all the influence they can command for the purpose of preserving purity in public life. Parliamentary government is connected with the Hooley scandal, from the fact that several peers of Parliament are compromised. But the safeguards to English liberties, which are so intimately bound up with pure character in our legislators, have no worthier or more strenuous champions than the heads of the great houses whose names and traditions belong to England no less than to themselves and their families. The instinct of self-preservation will therefore move all thoughtful men to insist that public life shall be kept pure, and the black sheep in the high ranks be more, and not less, severely punished than middle-class or wage-earning offenders. In support of this view, Lord William Nevill, the scion of one of the proudest houses in the English peerage, was recently condemned to a term of imprisonment for fraud twice or thrice the length that would have been imposed on him if he had been a cheese-monger or a working-man.

Arnold White.



Mr. Moore, Assistant Secretary of State.
Mr. Pruden, Assistant Secretary to the President.
Mr. Cortelyou, Assistant Secretary to the President.
Mr. Cridler, Third Assistant Secretary of State.
Captain Charles Loeffler, Doorkeeper.
Lieut.-Col. Montgomery.
President McKinley.
Mr. Day, Secretary of State.
M. Thiebaut, Secretary of the French Embassy.
M. Cambon.

ENDING THE WAR—M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, SIGNING THE PEACE PROTOCOL ON BEHALF OF SPAIN.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

LAKE BENNETT TO DAWSON.

AT the date we left Lake Bennett, the 9th day of October, we had no right to expect that a boat could reach Dawson before the closing of the river. We did not realize this truth then. The 7th had been clear, and we packed our stuff across from the foot of Lindeman. A large outfit also arrived on Indians' backs, over the Dyea trail, three days out. In contrast to this, nineteen mules and horses were sent back from Bennett to find an outfit delayed at some point unknown on the Skaguay trail. A number of boats got under way down the lake, which lies between lofty snow-capped mountains, a narrow passageway stretching into the distance as far as one can see. Eight or ten boats from Lindeman had been getting started to one with Skaguay outfits. Next day it rained, then turned into snow, in the midst of which we had to repitch the boat where the warm sun had lately melted the coating off.

On the 9th a gale is roaring down the gap, kicking up a great sea down the lake; but we ventured to start, not daring to wait longer. We rig the little spritsail; Brown tends sheet, while I take a big steering-oar in the stern. In a few moments we are among the white-caps, and the seas are boarding us, so we promptly run under the lee of a rocky point a mile from the starting-place. Half a dozen big boats with huge square sails go by us at railroad speed. We wait an hour or so, pick berries, which are very plentiful in patches among the rocks, and then push off again. We square away in great shape. There is so little freeboard amidships that if we should get in the trough of the sea we would swamp instantly. Our mast is tough pine, but when the wind snatches the rag of a sail it bends as if it would break.

Now begins the fight. The little sail, small though it is, begins to pull us to one side, and it takes all the strength of one pair of arms on a twelve-foot ash steering-oar to keep her head on. Now and then a big comber comes over the stern. In a few moments we have to bail out. There is not a cove or shelter in sight, and the sea keeps getting worse. Fresh water, being lighter, kicks up higher than salt, and we have every bit we want.

A little way on we pass a camp on shore where they are drying goods—a capsize, no doubt. Pretty soon, under the lee of little rocky capes, boats are drawn out on shore and parties are camped, driven in by the storm. The raw wind and the spray begin to make the fingers cold, but it is impossible to let go and put mittens on. We are overhauling the little boats, and pass three or four, but the big ones show us clean heels.

WHITE HORSE RAPIDS—LOOKING DOWN RIVER.

About twelve miles down, the lake narrows to about half a mile, and here the waves are terrific, and the cross-waves break over the tarpaulin covering the goods amidships. In the midst of it all the mast goes overboard with a snap. Brown gathers in the sail, and still scudding, we drop in behind a point fortunately close at hand. Here we are able to get a new and larger mast. One of the boats we had passed follows us in. It contains a New York party of two. When we start again they will not follow, on account of their heavy boat-load.

At evening we run into a little cove opposite the west arm of Bennett, with a smooth sandy beach, where there are other boats. A few minutes later a big Peterboro canoe containing two men in yellow mackinaws runs in under a small sail. It is the United States mail for Circle City. Around the camp fire that night eager questions are plied these two men to know just what is going on at Dawson; for they had left Dawson only thirty-odd days before!

The boats had not got up when they left, and flour was six dollars a sack.

"Would there be starvation?"

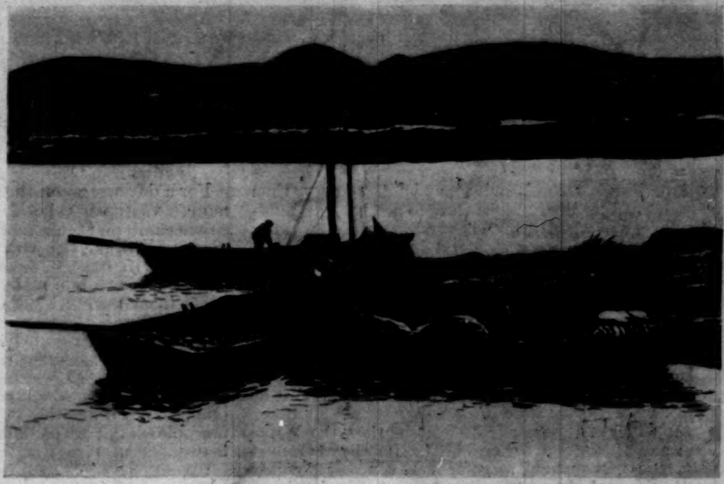
We get this reply, spoken slowly and deliberately: "I have been eleven years in Alaska, and there hasn't been a year yet when everybody wasn't going to starve, but no one has starved yet."

"How cold is it?"

"Cold, but not so cold but that a man can stand it. I spent one winter in a tent."

All of which is comforting. The mail-carriers put up no tent, but lie down on a tarpaulin, with one over them, and are off at daylight. They have oars rigged to the canoe, and expect to reach Dawson in six or seven days.

We ourselves get under way not long after. The wind has moderated, but a heavy sea is still on. The lake is wide now, and we run along easily; we pass one boat that had got out ahead of us, and are making every inch of the little sail pull in order to overtake another. The lines of the bateau give it a tremendous advantage over the clumsy whipsawed boats built at the lakes.



BOAT IN EDDY BELOW WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

We are running along about a quarter of a mile from the right-hand bank, which rises high and steep into the clouds, when we see a tent pitched on the shelving beach, with blankets and goods spread out in the sun. There are a black dog and a man, and a smallish boat drawn up on the shore. As we draw near, the man runs down to the edge of the water and fires off a gun, and then gets into the boat. We run in closer; and as we draw near, the man comes out, rowing frantically, and when we get near enough he calls out:

"Brown! Brown!"

We put the bateau around, bow into the wind, and wait. When he gets within fifty yards we can see that he is much excited.

"My partners!" says he; "I haven't seen them—it was blowing too hard—and Pete went to take it out—and fell overboard—and McManus went after him!"

It is John, a Russian from San Francisco, who, with another Russian and poor McManus, had worked so hard on the trail. We had seen them all often, but did not know their full names. We gather bit by bit from his incoherent talk that their sail had been nailed fast. The yard would not lower, and in trying to unstep the mast during the hard blow of two days before, Pete had been carried overboard, and McManus had gone into the icy water to rescue him. It was nearly or quite dark at the time of this accident, and they were never seen again.

How the Russian managed to get ashore is a wonder. He had stopped several parties. They had advised him to go home, but he is anxious to get to Dawson. He offers Brown half the outfit to leave me and go with him. Brown refuses. The outfit consists of 3500 pounds of grub, and there are valuable furs and clothing. Finally, being able to do him no good, we turn on down the lake, and last see him awkwardly trying to row his ungainly craft ashore. He reported at the Canadian custom-house later, and it was rumored, though with what truth we cannot determine, that in the endeavor to get down in the ice he had frozen his hands and feet.

By noon we are at the foot of Bennett, where, in gentler currents, between low banks a few rods apart, the green waters of the lake start again on their journey. This is Caribou Crossing, so called from its being a crossing-place for the caribou. About a mile, and the stream turns to the right into a very shallow muddy lake, two or three miles long, called Lake Nares, and then through another thoroughfare into Tagish Lake.

Tagish Lake is the name given to what is almost a group of lakes, or long arms, deep-set amid high mountains. The scenery in these lakes is magnificent. The wind, what there is, is now dead ahead. We put a trolling-line out, while Brown takes the oars. As we approach the junction of Windy Arm, which enters Tagish from the southward, we expect a blow, and a battle with the cross-seas, that are said never to be absent. Extraordinary fortune is with us, for we row across the mouth of Windy Arm as on a looking-glass, in which the tall hills are doubled.

There is a tug at the trolling-line—a large salmon-troll, such as is used on Vancouver Island—and when we pull it in we have a fine large trout, in length about twenty inches, belly milk white, sides a drab gray, with large irregular, often triangular, spots of light; pectoral fins steel blue, ventrals tipped with light yellow—a strikingly handsome fish. We only hook this one, but get several bites. Where we camp that night, with several other boats, near the end of the lake, past the Taku Arm, one party had caught seven trout, weighing two or three pounds apiece. My own trout had a six-inch white-fish inside of it.

We are later than the others breaking camp next morning. We not only have a faculty for late rising, but have to reload the whole outfit on account of the leaking. All the boats are leaking badly. But our boat runs so easily that when we have what Brown facetiously terms a good "ash breeze" we can overtake and pass them all. The other boats are clumsy, and though they have often four oars to a boat, the oars are so heavy that they can only take short dips, and with a head-wind make no headway whatever. The lower end of the lake is full of ducks on their southward migration—hundreds of them. Having only a rifle, we miss a good opportunity. However, by a lucky shot, one drops while on the wing, to the little 30-30. We pass all the five boats we were with last night. The lake suddenly narrows, and we find ourselves in a slack current, and drifting about two miles, with flock after flock of ducks getting up.

We can see ahead, against a bank of evergreen on the right, the red flag of Britain and some tents, and make landing in shallow water at the Canadian customs office. We make camp, and before dark the others drop in and camp. There is a squad of Northwestern Mounted Police here, under Inspector Strickland, who is also postmaster. There are, besides, John Godson, the customs officer, and several assistants. The police are building a large log barracks, and the scene reminds one of the timber woods of the East; for we have reached a region of small but plentiful timber and varied animal life. The timber grows littler as one goes down river; elevation affects growth more than latitude. It is a pretty spot they have chosen, commanding a view of the river both ways. The police have taken some huge white-fish in a weir. They caught on a troll one nineteen-and-a-half-pound trout at the outlet of Tagish. They tell me that a twenty-five-pounder has been taken on Touchi (or Too-tschai) Lake.

Mr. Godson explains why they have selected a point so far from the end of the trail. The first exploration party had come over the Skaguay Trail, had proceeded down Shallow Lake, thence over to Touchi, and down to Taku Arm. This they supposed to be the end of the trail. It happened, indeed, that there was no trail at all over the summit, and one was free to wander whither he listed from that point on. The trail was finally made to Bennett; but thinking Taku Arm would be the route taken, they had settled on foot of Tagish.

In regard to collection of duty on Canadian horses by the United States customs officials, Godson says he could have stationed men at the summits and taken duty on

TRADING WITH INDIANS AT LITTLE SALMON RIVER.

NOTE.—This letter was delayed in transmission, and reached us after our receipt of the letter published in the WEEKLY of July 9. It takes up the story of Mr. Adney's trip from Lake Bennett to Dawson.—EDITOR.

LANDING AT CUSTOM-HOUSE, TAGISH.

every American horse as it arrived, and done so every time it arrived. But his instructions were to use his own judgment in every particular, and, beyond asserting Canada's right to collect duty, as at Montreal or Victoria, to inflict no needless hardship on the miners. Having this in mind, he knows that many coming through are short of money, and it is his intention only to make those pay who can pay. Godson goes around in the evening by the light of the camp fires and takes the inventories of all Americans with dutiable goods, in order not to delay them in the morning.

An old-timer, familiar with the river, tells us all that he doubts if we will get through.

"You will get through Lake Marsh, then the White Horse; and if you get through Lake Labarge before it freezes, you will make Thirty Mile River, and possibly Pelly River; and if you get that far you may get down with the mush ice."

What is the mush ice?

He urges us all to "hurry! hurry!" So do all the officers—to start to-night if possible, before the wind changes. The other boys, therefore, after some discussion, get their stuff aboard and start at midnight. We wait, however, until afternoon the next day, in the hope that Burnham and his flotilla of canoes may turn up, and then we too get under way. We think a good deal over what Inspector Strickland tells us—that on the 13th of October for the past three years the Klondike was frozen tight. It is now the 12th.

Marsh Lake, at whose head we virtually are now, is about nineteen miles long, narrow, like the rest, and shallow. The sky is clear, and we row on until dark sets in. It grows cold, and we have to bundle up to keep warm, except the one who rows. About nine o'clock we put inshore, and find the shore ice out twenty feet; but we discover a place where there is dry land, build a big camp fire, and cook supper. The shore ice, as it rises and falls in the gently undulating surface of the water, creaks and cries for all the world like a hundred frogs in springtime, and it is indeed a dismal sound that bodes us no good.

CUSTOM-HOUSE AT TAGISH.

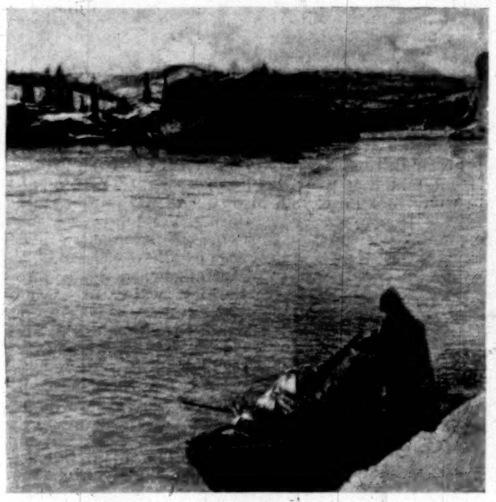
"If you get through Labarge before it freezes!"

Waiting only to finish eating, we put out into the lake, whose shores we can dimly make out. We head for a point about two miles off, and are about half-way there, when the bow of the boat crashes into thin ice. Thinking we are running ashore, we turn out, and come clear of the ice. Judge our dismay when again we crash into ice! We cut through this, and turn still further out, until we are crosswise of the lake. Again we strike into ice. I am at the oars now, and keep on pulling with difficulty, each time cutting the blades into the ice for a hold, and we pass through two or three distinct belts of ice that extend far out into the lake. We are now almost in a panic, for it seems as if the outlet must be frozen up tight. When we get to clear water we head north again, keeping out from the shore, and towards morning we land and spread our blankets on the ground among some small spruces on a low bank. There are several inches of snow on the ground. After a short nap we start again, at an early hour. There are no other boats in sight. It is not a great way to the outlet, which we know by the current that begins to carry us along while yet well within the lake, and we are soon floating down a black stream several hundred feet across, with low wooded banks.

An odd thing occurs here. I fire at a teal that is hugging the shore, and miss. I fire again as it rises up stream, and the bullet drops back of it. By this time it has gone thirty feet, and the third bullet also falls back of it. The fourth knocks it into the water, and as the feathers float down, a mink runs out and attempts to get it. I go ashore, and find nothing but feathers—the effect of the soft-nosed bullet. Chancing to look backward, I see the mink on its haunches, looking and smelling. A shot under the chin gets him too.

Snow is on the ground everywhere. The current is easy, the river winding about among banks of sand some two hundred feet high. Along these are the holes of countless thousands of swallows, which, as Schwatka writes, are a notable feature of the river when they are back at their nesting-sites in summer.

For a day we go on thus, the river winding more and more. We do not know how far the canyon is away, so we camp on the ground under a big spruce two feet in diameter; awake wet with soft snow, and after an hour's run in swift current, during which we pass a fine boat smashed on a rock in mid-stream, we hear a shout, and see boats lined up in a large eddy on the right hand, below which is a wall of dark rock and an insignificant opening, which we are persuaded is the entrance to the canyon. The shout warns us that we will be into the canyon if we don't look out, so we pull into the eddy. These are some of the boats which left us at Tagish, and some new ones. They are taking in the situation, and most of them are unloading part of their goods and packing it around, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. We go up the trail to a spot where we can stand on the brink of the canyon and look directly down into its seething waters.



FIVE-FINGER RAPIDS.

It is about a hundred feet wide and fifty or sixty feet deep, the whole body of the Lewes River pouring at a high rate of speed between the steep perpendicular walls of the gorge. The rock is basaltic, and takes the original formation that is familiar to those who have seen pictures of the famous Fingal's Cave. Half-way down the canyon widens, and there is a large eddy which the boats are told to avoid by keeping the crest of the waves, and then continuing as before. A boat starts in as we are looking, manned by two men at the oars, and with a bow and a stern steering-oar.

After our trip through Lake Bennett in the storm we feel pretty sure of our boat, so we conclude not to carry any of our stuff around. We tuck the tarpaulin down close and make everything snug, and when Brown has seated himself at the oar, and said "All ready," we push off and head for the gateway. I think I notice a slight tightening of Brown's mouth, but that is all, as he dips the oars and begins to make the long stroke; but he might retaliate by saying some unkind thing of me at this time. As soon as we are at the very brink we know it is too late to turn back, so when we drop down the first pitch I head her for the very seething crest. At the first leap she takes into the soapsuds the spray flies several feet off the flaring sides, and we know then we shall ride it. A dozen or two huge lunges and we land in the crest of the wave and send the water flying. All at once—it must be we are not exactly in the middle—the boat's nose catches in an eddy and we are swung around, head up stream. It is a simple matter to turn her nose again into the torrent, and then we go on again, leaping and jumping with terrific force. Brown, who manages the oars splendidly, keeps dipping them, and in a few moments we emerge from between the narrow walls into an open basin.

There are a number of boats here too, but we have nothing to stop for, so we keep on; but suddenly remembering that the White Horse Rapids is only one and a half miles below the canyon, we drop ashore above what is called Squaw Rapids. There are at least two dozen boats in all ashore. The White Horse is just beyond the turn where the river goes to the left along the steep It will be necessary to cross to the other side. We again into the quick water, and then, cutting across a bar at the head of the White Horse, make a landing low point, from which goods are carried around below these very dangerous rapids.

A view of the rapids is the first thing to be had. The river has made a quick bend to the left, and then turning to the right, goes down through basaltic walls twenty to thirty feet high and several times the width of the canyon. Lashing itself into a purple fury, it narrows into a gorge a span wide, when, with a jumping and tossing, it bursts through, and then spreads out serene, once more the wide, generous river. From a vantage-point we can see it all, the foaming crest of the final and worst pitch half a mile away. A boat is just going through, and we watch it until it emerges into the quiet water and makes a landing.

IN CARIBOU CROSSING.

We resolve to take out part of our cargo here, so as to give us more freeboard, but undertake to drop below into a sort of eddy at the very brink of the rapids, so as to have a shorter carry. I get into the boat, while Brown drops it down with the painter. We have to go outside a reef of rock thirty feet off shore, and when we are out there the rope pulls out of Brown's hands, leaving me and the loaded boat in the fast water. I quarter the boat inshore, and then, by the hardest sort of paddling, the current swings the boat in, until I can get out into the water and take it ashore. We have taken only an inch of water in the canoe. It is an exceedingly close call.

We put all our personal baggage ashore, leaving an even thousand pounds in the boat, which gives us six inches or more of freeboard, and then turn her nose into the current.

Following the roughest water, to avoid the rocks, we are pitched into the dancing waves. The waves grow bigger, and we begin to pitch worse by far than in the canyon. We go up the sides of the waves, and when we drop it seems positively as if boat and all would keep right on through to the bottom of the river. The water begins to pour in, and it is plain that the boat will never live through. But one thought for a moment comes to comfort us: even if we are chock full of water, the fearful impetus with which we are moving must surely take us bodily through and out, and then—we can make the shore somehow. I begin to count the seconds we will be going through that last and worst part into which we are now driving.

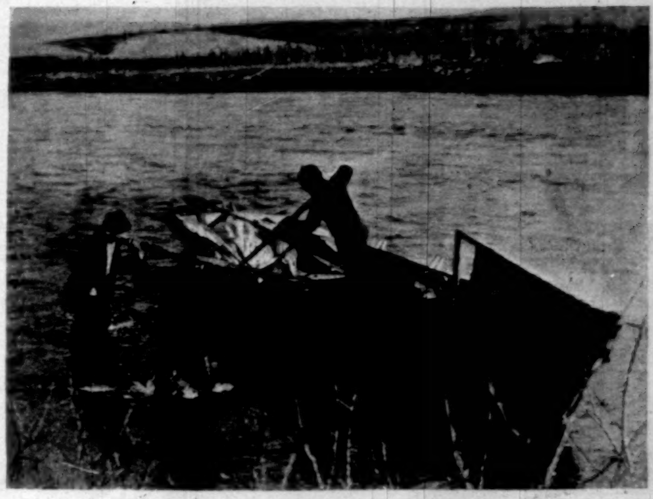
Forced from both sides, the river enters the gorge; and the effect to the eye, as one goes into the great white-caps, is that of a jumping, not only up and down, but from the sides to the middle.

PAYING CUSTOMS DUTIES.

Now we are into the waves. From all sides and ends a sheet of water pours over, drenching Brown and filling the boat; the same instant, it seems, a big side-wave takes the little craft, spins her like a top, quick as a wink, throws her into a boiling eddy on the left—and we are through and safe, with a little more work to get ashore.

Men who were watching us from the bank said that we disappeared from sight in the trough. Brown is wet up to his waist. Everything is afloat. We land here, and when we have bailed out some of the water, drop the boat down to the usual landing-place, a little sandy cove, where we unload, pitch tent, and while tripping back for our five hundred pounds of goods, watch the other boats come through. They are all big ones, and all get through without mishap.

We hear of pilots, both here and at the canyon, but every man takes his own boat through. The pilots take boats through the canyon for from ten to twenty dollars, and through the White Horse for twenty dollars. Two partners stopped two weeks earlier in the season and made enough to buy in on a claim on Bonanza. Those who unload have the worst of it. The heavy boats go through best. The double-ender swings so easily that it is hard to steer, and is rather small for the business.



MAKING A LANDING BELOW WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

The White Horse is a bit of water I have considerable respect for. I ask the imperturbable Brown how he felt—if he was scared.

"Why, no," he replies. "You said it was all right; I suppose you know—it's your boat and your outfit."

The compliment is altogether too extravagant. I believe that if a charge of dynamite were to explode under Brown, he would not wink an eyelash. Many say they took more water aboard in the canyon than in the White Horse, while Squaw Rapids is worse than the canyon. There is a dog in Dawson that swam the canyon. He probably tried to follow his master's boat, instead of walking around. He is a water-spaniel, though; but he must have had more ups and downs than he dreamed of when he started in the quiet water above.

There have been no drownings in the White Horse so far as known this year, and nearly every boat was run through. The trail around the rapids is lined with trees blazed and inscribed with the heroic deeds of those gone before. They are written on trees, on scraps of paper tacked on broken oar-blades, etc. Here is one "Sept. 8, 1897. Boat Cora and Meda. 20 ft long. 8 ft 3 in beam. 26 in deep. safely shot the White Horse Rapids loaded with 4000 pounds." And this:

Gudmond Jensen
G. G. Tripp
Tom
Mike went
threw all right.

It is a great load off our minds when we are at last safely through. We care not how swift the river runs now; there is only Five Fingers, a long way off yet.

Another day brings us at dark to the head of Lake Labarge, up which a wind is blowing, with a big head-sea. Lights show up at a place on the left, and we steer towards this. It is totally dark when we get there, but when close inshore we run into fish-weirs, and hear the laughter and crying of children and the barking of dogs, and then we know that it is an Indian village, so we turn up shore, and after a mile, off around a turn, land on a beach by a huge pile of drift-wood. Attracted by our big fire, two or three other boats drop in, and we have a merry time. In an hour four Indians come over with furs to sell or trade for sugar. These Indians are Tinné. They hunt moose, mountain-sheep, bears, and fur-bearing animals. After hanging around awhile they go away. I should not care to leave a boat-load of provisions in the neighborhood of these Siwashes. Experiences later with the same breed down-river justify the precautions we take.

Lake Labarge, named for Labarge, one of the explorers for the long-ago projected Russo-American telegraph line, is about thirty miles in length, and it is rare that a strong wind is not blowing there, so fiercely that the miners are often delayed, as at Windy Arm. It is as smooth as glass next morning. The shores are of moderate height, of a diversified rounded form of gray stone. Seen as we see it, it is a most picturesque body of water, and very clear. As we near the end a wind catches us, and as there is no shelter we have to keep on in the darkness. For several hours we see friendly beacons, and when we get to them we find a camp of friends who had left several days ahead of us. Next morning finds us near the outlet of the lake, and a short pull brings us in to Thirty Mile River, as the Lewes is known until it joins the Teslintoo, or Hootalinqua of the miners. The latter stream follows the structural valley of the river. The Lewes has a much smaller sectional arc, but discharges more water. The Teslintoo is the larger, and the true source of the Yukon. Schwatka is responsible for the prevailing notion that Lindeman is the source of the Yukon, because he stated that, starting at Lindeman, he had followed the Yukon "to its mouth." The Lewes breaks through a barrier of hills at right angles. Looking up river, any one would say the Teslintoo was the main river. The country seems different. The water, no longer clear, is tinged with the mud of the latter river. White birches now appear.

Big Salmon, Little Salmon, are successively passed, the latter 285 miles from Dyea. We take no account of this. Our chief diversion is in seeing how quick we can overtake a boat when once we get a sight of it, and also in keeping up with a certain other boat, whose occupants cook on board, rise earlier, and go into camp later than we do. There is now about eight inches of snow, and we have to scrape a hole and line it well with boughs when we camp.

A very short way below the Little Salmon we see (and it should be observed that we *hear* at the same time) a number of people beckoning and signalling from the shore. We stop at a platform of hewn boards built out in the water, and are at once surrounded by a horde of dirty, uncouth, wild-looking savages, of all sizes and shapes, each with something to trade. They want to buy everything in sight. We have left some things uncovered; they seize on these things, and shove into our faces a dirty fur cap or a moose-hide or a bear-skin. I haven't the smallest notion what they want with my camera. I have to push them off my end of the boat, but they hang on front, back, and sides, pulling and tugging to draw attention to their wares. I have never seen such fierce trading in my life. We know nothing like it in civilized life. A person could keep himself warm at 60 degrees below, trading as they do. I try to get away, but Brown has opened up some tobacco he had, so we are in for it. There are about twenty aboard our little boat. I buy a pair of fur-trimmed mittens; and then, with astonishing finesse, the fellow tries to beat me out of the mittens, pretending he has given them to me. So I get out on the platform, take him by the arm, and forcibly extract the two silver dollars from his fist. While this is going on another boat stops, and shortly there is a hubbub; the Indians run up, and a crowd rushes down from the village on the bank beyond. I ask the trouble.

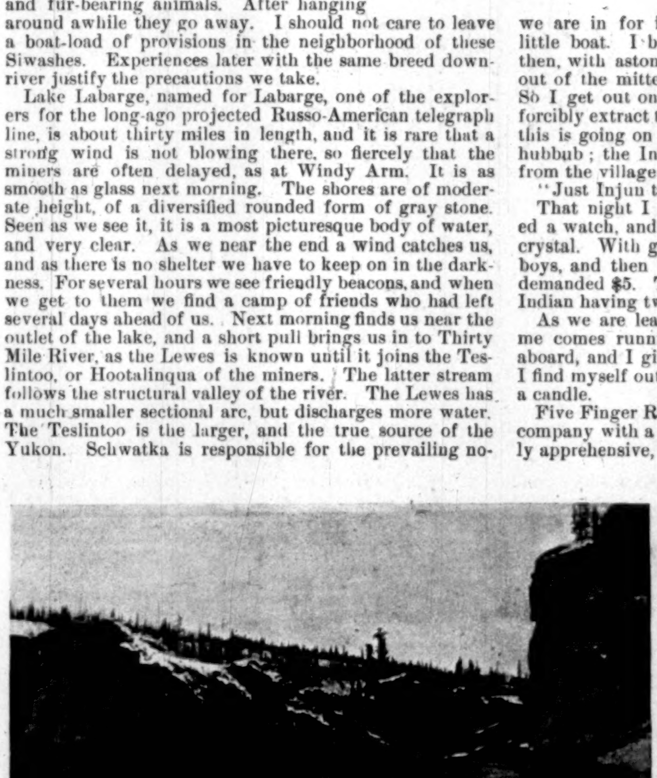
CHARACTERISTIC VIEW ON YUKON RIVER.

"Just Injun talk," an Indian replies.

That night I learn the cause. An Indian had showed a watch, and had himself dropped it and broken the crystal. With great wit, he handed it to one of the white boys, and then raising the cry that they had broken it, demanded $5. The boys not having arms handy, and the Indian having two shot-guns, they paid the five dollars.

As we are leaving, the Indian who had tried to cheat me comes running to the boat, tosses the lost mittens aboard, and I give him the money. But on taking stock I find myself out a pair of scissors, a box of tobacco, and a candle.

Five Finger Rapids, 344 miles from Dyea, is reached in company with a small fleet of boats. We are all distinctly apprehensive, not knowing whether we are five or fifty miles from the rapids. When they come into view, the row of huge square blocks of rock standing like the piers of a bridge across the stream, they are unmistakable.



THE MAIN CHANNEL—FIVE FINGER RAPIDS.

We run our boat into the eddy above the right-hand entrance, while the other boats line down from above. There is a short sudden drop and a nasty upward swirl, it is true, but nothing to care about, so we shoot in, all the rest, I suppose, following. We take a little water, and then enter a series of rapids, which shortly brings us to another object of apprehension, Rink Rapids. There is nothing here but a reef, with good easy current on the right hand. Just below, a great congregation of ravens indicates where the cattle have been driven in and butchered and rafted down.

The river is full of islands, and it is the hardest sort of work keeping off the bars. More than once we get into an inside channel, and have to wade out and tow up and around. When at length we reach the mouth of the Pelly River, it looks as if we shall reach Dawson. We have been cautioned about Pelly On the left, below the mouth of Pelly, are an Indian village, a mission, and the house and store of Mr. Harper. We land here to camp. The camping-place is really several miles below; but Mr. Pitts, the storekeeper in charge, will have nothing of the kind. He puts us into one of Mr. Harper's houses, with a stove, and a good dry floor to lie on, and his own kerosene-lamp, all of them luxuries. He treats us handsomely, as well as giving us the first authentic information of the country to which we are going.

We relate our experience with the Indians at Little Salmon. He tells us that those on the Yukon proper are different altogether; they are honest, and in a degree virtuous, whereas those further up river have been mistreated so long by the Chilkats that whenever opportunity offers they treat others the same way.

There is nothing left of the old Hudson Bay Fort, burned down in that raid of the Chilkats in 1852. The post, supplied at great cost and hazard *viâ* Upper Pelly and the Liard River, was never re-established. The spot is still called Fort Selkirk.

In the store there are a dozen silver-gray fox-skins and one black fox, which in this country are more plentiful than anywhere else in comparison with the red fox, of which they are varieties. Formerly one could buy snow-shoes and fur robes here, but this year the rush has cleaned out all but a few moose-hides, some of which Mr. Pitts is for sending to Dawson by us; but he does not, fearing we may not get there. The thermometer registers two above zero at seven o'clock in the morning.

What do we see when we look out?

On the far side of the river, a procession of blocks of something white—the mush, or slush, ice!

It is coming out of Pelly. We take the left side of the river, where it is clear, and at night find a good camping-place. The timber seems to grow better and better on the flats and islands. The nights and days are cold.

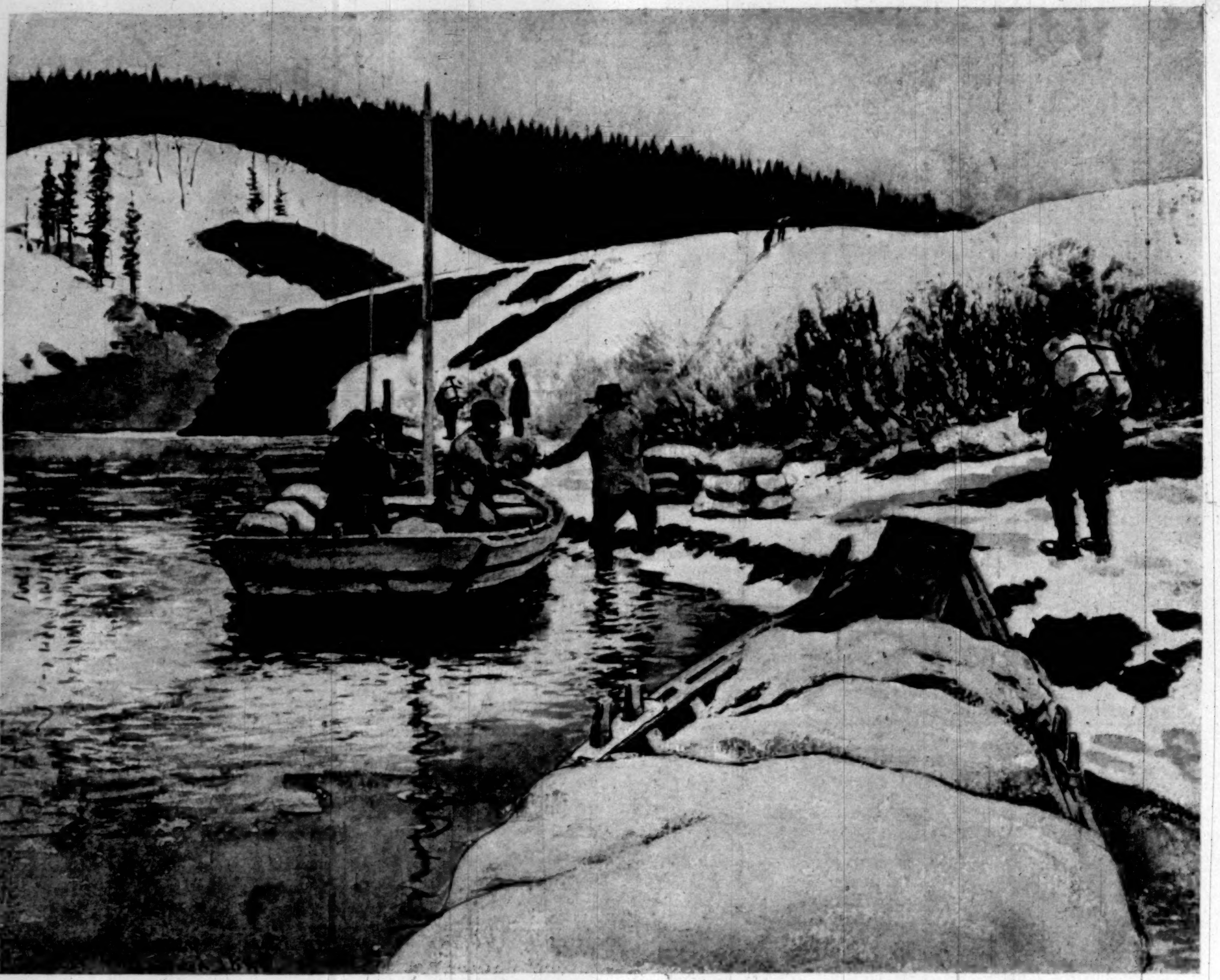
The first night out from Pelly we make the boat fast on the side free from ice. The bank here is about twelve feet high, and the tent is several yards back. We are lying before an open fire, about to go to sleep. The air is still, and we can hear the ominous "s-s-sh" of the ice in the river.

Suddenly there is a dull prolonged roar under the bank. I jump up, and down the bank, in time to see a floe forty feet long go by, having scraped the entire length of the boat; and the river is full of floes, large and small, rushing and grinding against one another. Calling for Brown, it is but a few moments' work to unload the boat and haul it out. Next morning the whole river is full of ice, rushing along like a mill-race. This is the mush ice—ice formed on the bottom, soft and slushy. It hardens into floes, and floe freezes to floe to make larger ones.

We put out into the ice, getting into the current, keeping barely clear with the paddles, and whenever a lead opens up we make the most of it with the oars, and soon find that by reason of her double end we can work her about where we choose. There is no stopping at noon now; we eat a bite of cold beans and hardtack. After noon we come upon six boats ranged on the shore of a wooded island. It seems time to land, which we do at considerable risk, for the ice is setting hard against the shore.

Around a camp fire in the woods are about twenty men, some of them friends who had left a week ahead of us. They are prepared to stay, they said, until the ice runs out. I tell them that they will wait till spring; that I am going on. It is a sore temptation to stop by their cheerful fire, but I reason that the camp fire is an accidental circumstance; had the boats not been there I should have kept on. So we do. None of them followed for three or four days, when they saw other boats passing, and realized their folly. Some of the men were eager to start, but in nearly every boat was some nervous partner, That night we find a safe camping-place in an eddy free of ice, and cut a channel for the boat into the ice, which now extends a number of feet from shore.

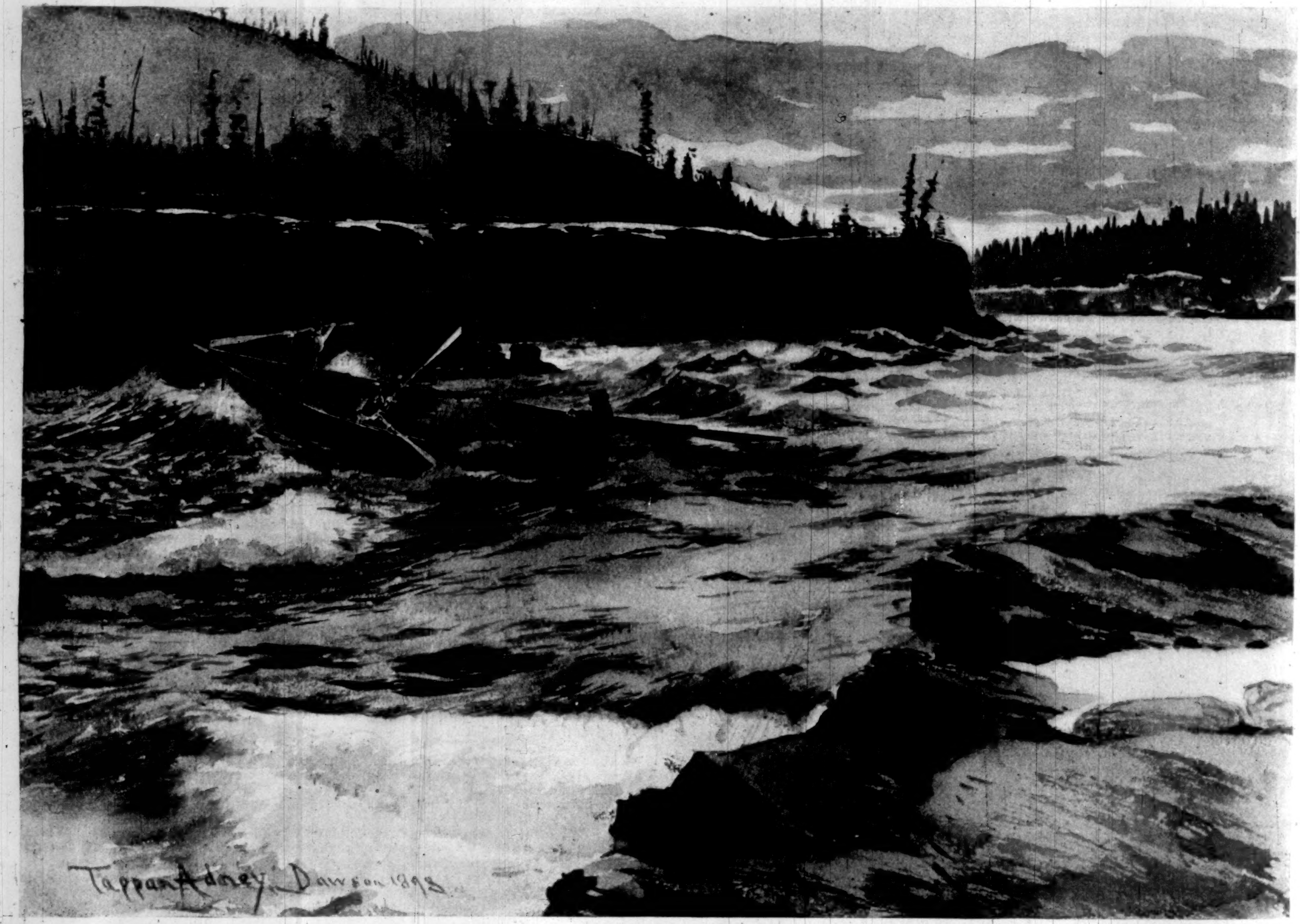
Camp-making is now reduced to the simplest method. At first we would carefully pitch the wall-tent. Now all we do is to take the two oars and three pine poles, tie the ends together tight and fast with a rope, walk around them with the tent, and build an open fire in front. Often we dispense with the tent entirely. Bread, salt, and beans



PORTAGING GOODS AT THE CANYON.

KLONDIKE CITY—KLONDIKE RIVER

THE YUKON AT DAWSON IN THE

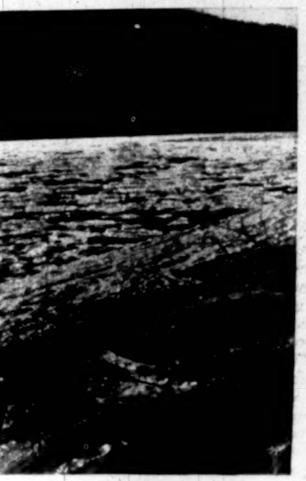

Tappan Adney. Dawson 1898.

RUNNING THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

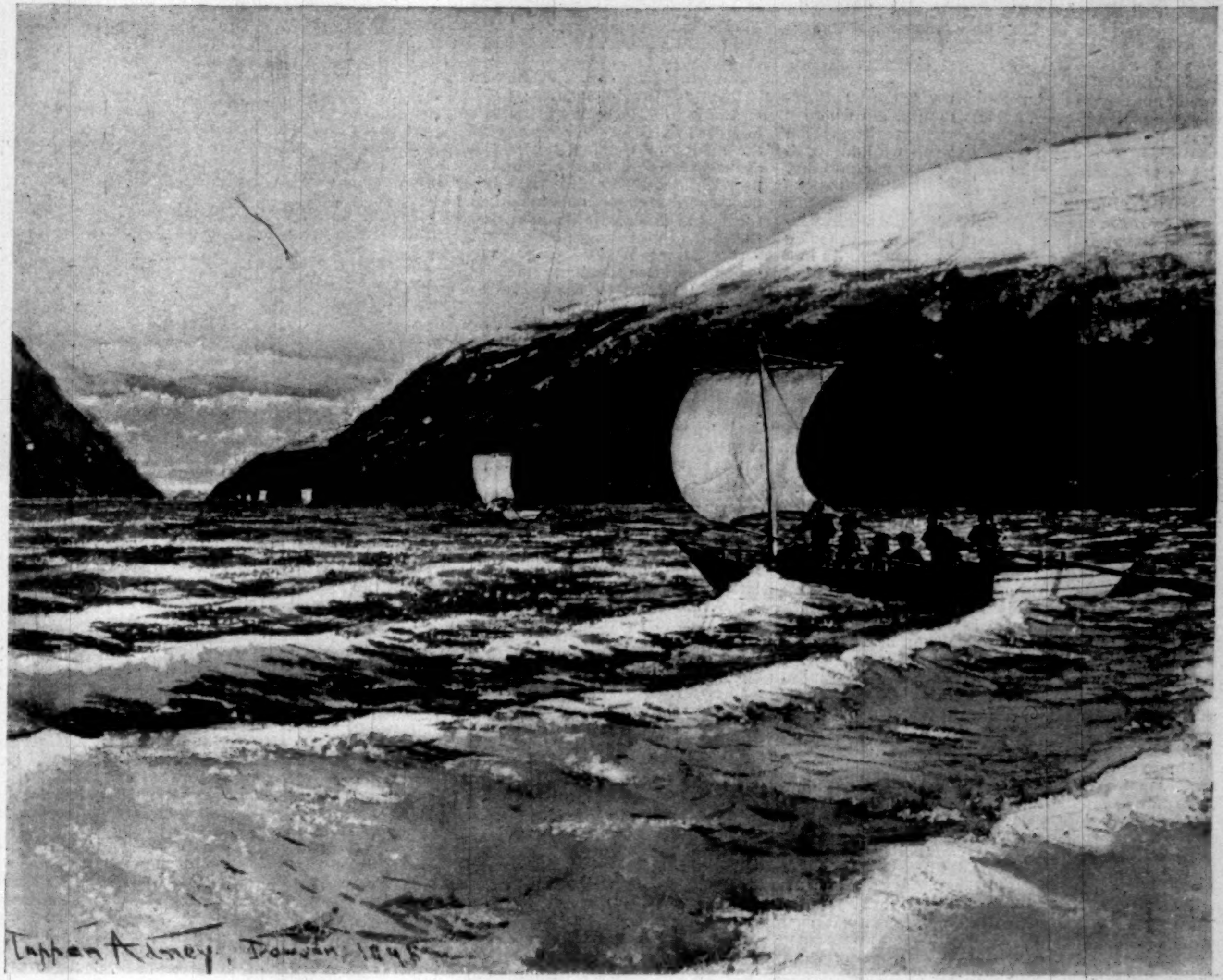
SCENES ON THE ROAD TO

Photographs and Sketches by Tappan Adney, Special Correspon

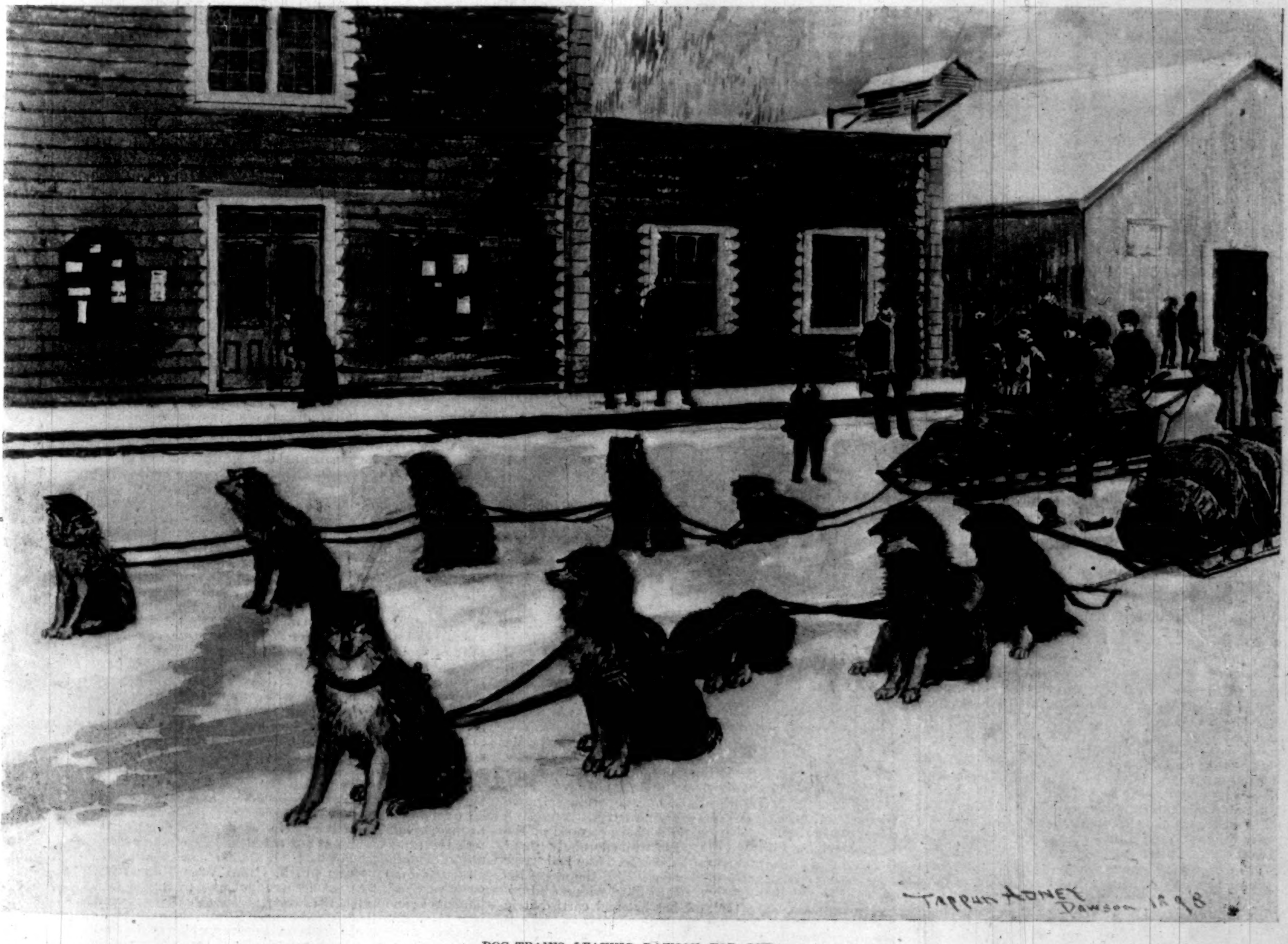
RIVER ENTERS ON RIGHT.



N THE EARLY WINTER.


Tappan Adney. Dawson. 1898

SAILING DOWN LAKE BENNETT.


Tappan Adney
Dawson 1898

DOG-TRAINS LEAVING DAWSON FOR DYEA.

TO THE KLONDIKE.

espondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Gold-Fields.

are frozen hard as rocks. We meet several parties with hand-sleds and canoes working up against the ice, along the shore, going out.

"No grub in Dawson."

So that is the truth!

There is nothing to do but to drift with the ice, keeping the channel and opens, avoiding the places where it sets against the shore. The thermometer registers from 10 to 5 degrees above zero. Even at this we find six to ten feet of thick ice frozen around the boat each morning, and our first task is to chop it out, but still much sticks to the sides, the water near by freezes, and the boat sinks lower and lower in the water. We are practically in winter clothes, and even then it is hard to keep warm facing a wind in the cold. We get fifteen or twenty miles in a day. Nervousness is disappearing. We no longer mind the crunching and punching of the floes. There is nearly always a boat in sight now.

When about twenty miles, we judge, above White River, which we look for on the left, and which we expect will put a lot more ice into the Yukon, we see a boat on the right-hand shore—a large boat with a stove cooking. As we draw near, it proves to be a party known as the "Christie" party, from the Skaguay trail. They have a Japanese cook and two ladies aboard. The Indians on Lake Labarge would not believe the Jap was not an Indian. "You Injun?" "No!" "You mamma Injun?" "No!" "You papa Injun?" "No! no!" protested the Jap; "me odder country."

With the Christie party is the New York *Times* correspondent, Pelletier. They are eating lunch, and at the same time trying to fend off the floes. They have been having trouble all the way down. They have only just come off an island where they have been three days. After this we keep them company, with this difference, that they hug the shore, while we keep out. It was easy for them to step out, but the boat is in imminent risk of being crushed by the heavy ice.

We pass White River without knowing it, and ten miles on we come to a straight reach, where on the right are thirty or forty boats drawn out on the ice, and tents set up, and cabins.

This is Stewart River. It seems as if every one is stopping here, except some who cannot get through the ice in time. They have stopped either to remain and prospect, or from fear of ice, and also to hear whether it is safe to take their outfits to Dawson. Wild stories are coming up river, and we know not what to expect.

We go on at noon the next day. One thing the ice does. It piles up on the heads of the bars, and now it is easy to avoid them, and to see the set of the water. We keep to the right-hand channel, among the many islands. Several miles below Stewart a bar, with ice as usual piled up on the head of it, looms up. For our lives we cannot see, even by standing up, which way the water runs. While hesitating, we are borne directly on the island, and when we try to avoid that, we are carried directly towards the great mass of ice. Only one thing saves us: a floe happens to be between us when we strike. It crushes, and we slip along the side and slide out into deep water. Nothing else under heaven could have kept us from going under the ice.

We make shore quickly after this, by a big pile of drift-wood, and have hardly got our tent up and a place chopped for the boat when another boat heaves in sight, and calls to us to take a line. It is the Christie party, and they have met with an accident.

NEARING DAWSON.

Hugging the shore, as usual, they had run upon some sweepers hanging over the water. All hands jumped for the bottom. The boat was stern down stream when it struck. The sweeper caught the steering-sweep and swept the boat clear, stove-pipe and all. Christie had failed to find a point of safety, and had been doubled up and nearly killed.

We take their line, and they camp with us. After that, at last, that boat keeps clear of the shore.

Navigation is getting more difficult; the channels are growing so narrow that a boat can hardly go through. We can only drift and keep the sides of the boat clear. We have been told to keep to the right from Sixty Mile Creek down. On that side we can see scores of parties going out with sleds. By this time we have discovered one thing—that we are better off taking nobody's advice about camping-places, so we have taken the other side, and do not know how near Dawson we are.

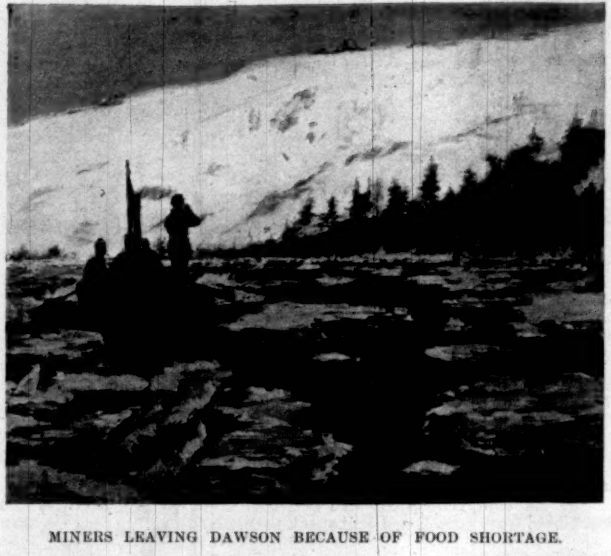
On the 29th of October, judging ourselves to be about ten miles away, we make camp and set about fixing up a sled, stay there two days, then start once more. When we have the covers nicely tucked around for a big trip we turn suddenly to the left, and see on the right bank ahead a large number of tents, houses, and boats, some of them in the water, others drawn out.

"How far to Dawson?" we ask.

"This is Dawson," is the reply; "you'd better hurry, or you'll be carried past."

We make a landing in good order, and tie fast to the shore. We are not yet in Dawson proper. This is but a suburb, on the site of the old Indian village, and known as Klondike City, or Lousetown.

Four days later the river jammed, then it moved on again, and closed for good on the 7th of November. It had closed in front of Dawson on about the 15th of the month of October, but had broken again—a most fortunate circumstance for us. Little did we realize the danger we had been in, for we knew not then how the Yukon closed. Burnham's party, with the four canoes, got no farther than Selkirk. Major Walsh's party lost three boats, one after another, under the ice. The last parties to reach Dawson had miraculous escapes, which have been detailed before. Yet there was only one death in the ice, so far as is known. When it is remembered how through the length of the upper river there were hundreds taking the greatest chances, first with water, then with ice, it would almost seem true, as has been said, that a guarding Providence watched over the newcomers on the Yukon this year.



MINERS LEAVING DAWSON BECAUSE OF FOOD SHORTAGE.

HOW ADNEY GOT THROUGH.

The "man leading the horses," mentioned by Tappan Adney in one of his late letters (June 4, 1898) from Dawson, has a vivid recollection of the chance meeting referred to, at the foot of Lake Lindeman, where the Skaguay trail of agony and mud joins the original thoroughfare to the gold-fields, *via* Chilkoot Pass.

As I came down the sandy hill-side to the lake, I saw at the landing two men unloading a trim-looking double-ender boat of distinct individuality that it needed only a glance to show was vastly superior to the ordinary Yukon type. One of the men was a slender six-footer, with a face wind-tanned the color of sole-leather.

He wore weather-stained clothes, that, judging from the general suggestion, no doubt still carried a little of the smoky smell and balsam aroma from camps in the green woods of New Brunswick. His feet were moccasined, and his black hair straggled from under a red toboggan cap. Not only was his rig suggestive of the aborigine, but his every action proved him to be so thoroughly at home in his untamed environment that it is little wonder at first glance I took him to be an Indian, and that it required several minutes after his jolly smile and voluble greeting to dispel the illusion.

Adney was a hustler of the most advanced type. Though just recovering from an attack of the prevailing malady of the trail, he carried across the portage packs weighing as much as 125 pounds that evening and the following day, and in an extremely short time had his boat emptied of her cargo and ready for the trip from Lindeman to Bennett. These lakes are connected by a rapid stream, with a rocky, obstructed channel. White men let their boats down by ropes—a process known as "lining." The Indians, who are familiar with the stream, shoot a portion of the rapids, but near the lower end they land, and make a short portage past a particularly dangerous place, where the current dashes tumultuously over and around a number of large bowlders lying in the bed of the stream. Above on the bank is the grave of a man who lost his outfit and in his despair committed suicide.

Adney was an expert at river navigation; and his companion, though inexperienced in this kind of work, was a champion oarsman, cool-headed, and gritty. On a later occasion I happened to be on the trail near the point referred to when I heard some men calling out from the top of the canyonlike bank that the Harper's Weekly man was shooting the rapids. I ran across just in time to see the boat swept by with the speed of a bolt from a crossbow, leaping from wave-crest to wave-crest, and drenching its occupants with sheets of spray. Adney and Brown were standing erect in bow and stern, each wielding a single oar used as a paddle, and from their masterly course it was evident that they had their boat well under control. It was all over in a very small fraction of time. They had avoided by the narrowest margin jagged bowlders that it seemed impossible to pass, and in a slather of foam shot out into the smooth water below.

I overheard one man remark on the daredevil skill of the newspaper man, to which his companion replied: "Oh, that's the kind of a fellow Adney is. I knew him at Sheep Camp."

J. B. Burnham.

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Author of "The Great Stone of Sardis," etc.

XIX.—MARGERY'S BREAKFAST.

VERY early the next morning Margery pushed wide open the window of her studio chamber. The sash was a large one, and opened outward on hinges. She looked out upon the dewy foliage, she inhaled the fragrance of the moist morning air, she listened to the song of some early birds, and then, being dressed for the day, she got on a chair, stepped on the window-sill, and jumped out. She walked quietly round the cabin and went out toward the lake. She had never seen the woods so early in the day. All the space between the earth and the sky seemed filled with an intoxicating coolness. She took off her hat and carried it in her hand; the sun was not yet high enough to make it necessary to put anything between him and her.

"This is what I am," said Margery to herself as she stepped blithely on. "I never knew before what I am. I am really a dryad under difficulties."

Presently, to her amazement and his amazement, she saw Martin. She went toward him.

"Oh, Martin," she said, "are you up so early?"

He smiled. "This is not early for me," he answered.

"And Mr. Matlack, is he up?"

"Oh yes, he is up, and gone off to attend to some business."

"Well, really!" exclaimed Margery. "I thought I was the first one out in the world to-day. And now, Martin, don't you want to do something for me? I did not think it would happen, but I am really dreadfully hungry, and couldn't you give me my breakfast now, by myself, before anybody else? I am not particular what I have—anything that is easy to get ready will do—and I would like it down at the very edge of the lake."

"You shall have it," exclaimed Martin, eagerly. "I will get it ready for you very soon, and will bring it to you. I know you like bread and butter and jam, and there is some cold meat, and I will boil you an egg and make some coffee."

"That will be lovely," said Margery, "and I will go down by the lake and wait. I do believe," she said to herself as she hurried away, "that this hermit business is the only sensible thing that ever came into the head of that classic statue with the glass fronts."

Very soon Martin appeared with a rug, which he said she would want if she were going to sit on the ground; and then he ran away, but soon came back with the breakfast. Margery was surprised to see how tastefully it was served.

"You could not have done it better," she said, "if you had been a"— she was about to say waiter, but as she gazed at the bright, handsome face of the young man she felt that it would hurt his feelings to use such a word, so she suddenly changed it to woman.

"If it is done well," he said, "it is not because I am like a woman, but because you are one."

"What does that mean?" thought Margery; but she did not stop to consider. "Thank you very much," she said. "Here is where I am going to eat, and nobody will disturb me."

"Is there anything else?" he asked.

"No," said she. "I have everything I want; you know I take only one cup of coffee."

He did know it; he knew everything she took, and he felt that there was no excuse for him to stay there any longer, so he slowly walked away.

The place Margery had chosen was a nice little nook for a nice little hermit. It was a bit of low beach, very narrow, and flanked on the shore side by a row of bushes, which soon turned and grew down to the water's edge, thus completely cutting off one end of the beach. At the other end the distance between the shrubbery and the water was but a few feet, so that Margery could eat her breakfast without being disturbed by the rest of the world.

Reclining on the rug with the tray on the ground before her, with some green leaves and a few pale wild flowers peeping over the edge of it to see what she had for breakfast, Margery gave herself up to the enjoyment of life.

"Each, one," she said aloud; "I am one, and beautiful nature is another. Just two of us, and each, one. Go away, sir," she said to a big buzzing creature with transparent wings; "you are another, but you don't count."

Arthur Raybold was perhaps the member of the party who was the best satisfied to be himself. He had vowed, as he left the camp fire the night before, that his sister had at last evolved an idea which had some value. Be himself? He should think so! He firmly believed that he was the only person in the camp capable of truly acting his own part in life.

Clyde had told him that on this morning he was going to move the tent over to their own camp, and though he had objected very forcibly, he found that Clyde was not to be moved, and that the tent would be. In an angry mood he had been the first one of the Associated Hermits to assert his individuality. He made up his mind that he would not leave the immediate atmosphere of Margery. He would revolve about her in his waking hours and in his dreams, and in the latter case he would revolve in a hammock hung between two trees not far from his sister's tent; and as he was not one who delayed the execution of his plans, he had put up the hammock that night, although his tent was still in Camp Rob. He had not slept very well, because he was not used to repose in a hammock; and he had risen early, because, though wrapped in a blanket, he had found himself a little chilly.

Starting out for a brisk walk to warm himself, he had not gone far before he thought he heard something which sounded like the clicking of knife and fork and dish. He stopped, listened, and then approached the source of the sounds, and soon stood at the open end of Margery's little beach. For a few moments she did not know he was there, so engrossed was her mind with the far-away shadows on the lake, and with the piece of bread-and-jam she held in her hand.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2167.

"Oh, happy Fates!" he exclaimed. "How have ye befriended me! Could I have believed such rare fortune was in store for me?"

At the sound of his voice Margery turned her head and started, and in the same instant she was on her feet.

"Margery," he said, without approaching her, but extending his arms so that one hand touched the bushes and the other reached over the water, "I have you a gentle prisoner. I consider this the most fortunate hour of my whole existence. All I ask of you is to listen to me for ten minutes, and then I will cease to stand guard at the entrance to your little haven, and although you will be free to go where you please, I know you will not go away from me."

Margery's face was on fire. She was so angry she could scarcely speak, but she managed to bring some words to her lips to express her condition of mind.

"Mr. Raybold," she cried, "if I ever hear any more of that horrid trash from you I will speak to Mr. Archibald, and have him drive you out of this camp. I haven't spoken to him before because I thought it would make trouble and interfere with people who have not done anything but what is perfectly right, but this is the last time I am going to let you off, and I would like you to remember that. Now go away this instant, or else step aside and let me pass."

Raybold did not change his position, but with a smile of indulgent condescension he remarked:

"Now, then, you are angry; but I don't mind that, and I am quite sure you do not mean it. You see, you have never heard all that I have to say to you. When I have fully spoken to you, then I have no fear—"

He had not finished his sentence, when Margery dashed into the water, utterly regardless of her clothes, and before the astonished intruder could advance towards her she had rushed past him, and had run up on dry land a yard or two behind him. The water on the shelving beach was not more than a foot deep, but her mad bounds made a splashing and a spattering of spray as if a live shark had been dropped into the shallow water. In a moment she had left the beach and was face to face with Martin, pale with fright.

"I thought you had tumbled in!" he cried. "What on earth is the matter?"

She had no breath to answer, but she turned her head toward the lake, and as Martin looked that way he saw Raybold advancing from behind the bushes. It required no appreciable time for the young guide to understand the situation. His whole form quivered, his hands involuntarily clinched, his brows knitted, and he made one quick step forward; but only one, for Margery seized him by the wrist. Without knowing what he was doing, he struggled to free himself from her, but she was strong and held him fast.

"I must go to my tent," she gasped. "I am all wet. Now promise me that you will not say a thing or do a thing until I see you again. Promise!"

For a moment he seemed undecided, and then he ceased his efforts to get away, and said, "I'll promise."

Margery dropped his arm and hurried toward the cabin, hoping earnestly that the Archibalds were not yet up.

"This is a gay and lively beginning for a hermit," she thought, as she made her way around the house; "and I don't see how on earth I am ever going to get through that window again. There is nothing to stand on. I did not expect to go back until they were all up."

But when she reached the window there was a stout wooden stool placed below it.

"Martin did that," she thought, "while I was at my breakfast. He knew I must have come through the window, and might want to go back that way. Oh dear!" she sighed; "but I am sure I can't help it." And so, mounting from the stool to the window-sill, she entered her room.

Having given his promise, Martin turned his back upon the sombre young man, who, with folded arms and clouded brow, was stalking toward the tents at the other end of the camp.

"If I look at him," said Martin, "it may be that I could not keep my promise."

It was about half an hour afterward, when Martin, still excited and still pale, was getting ready for the general breakfast, forgetting entirely that he was a hermit, and that some of the other hermits might have peculiar ideas about their morning meal, that Phil Matlack arrived on the scene. Martin was very much engrossed in his own thoughts, but he could not repress an inquiring interest in his companion.

"Well," said he, "did you bounce him?"

Matlack made no answer, but began to cut out the top of a tin can.

"I say," repeated Martin, "did you bounce him, or did he go without it?"

Without turning toward the younger man, Matlack remarked: "I was mistaken. That ain't fat; it's muscle."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Martin, in astonishment, "that he bounced you out of that camp!"

"I don't mean to say nothin'," was the reply, "except what I do say; and what I say is that that ain't fat; it's muscle. When I make a mistake I don't mind standin' up and sayin' so."

Martin could not understand the situation. He knew Matlack to be a man of great courage and strength, and one who, if he should engage in a personal conflict, would not give it up until he had done his very best. But the guide's appearance gave no signs of any struggle. His clothes were in their usual order, and his countenance was quiet and composed.

"Look here," cried Martin; "how did you find out all that about the bishop?"

Matlack turned on him with a grim smile. "Didn't you tell me that day you was talkin' to me about the boat that he was a tough sort of a fellow?"

"Yes, I did," said the other.

"Well," said Matlack, "how did you find that out?"

Martin laughed. "I shouldn't wonder," he said, "if we were about square. Well, if you will tell me how you found it out, I will tell you how I did."

"Go ahead," said the other.

"The long and short of my business with him," said Martin, "was this: I went with him down to the lake, and there I gave him a piece of my mind; and when I had finished, he turned on me and grabbed me with his two hands and chucked me out into the water, just as if I had been a bag of bad meal that he wanted to get rid of. When I got out I was going to fight him, but he advised me not to, and when I took a look at him and remembered the feel of the swing he gave me, I took his advice. Now what did he do to you?"

"He didn't do nothin'," said Matlack. "When I got to the little tent he sleeps in, there he was sittin' in front of it, as smilin' as a basket of chips, and he bade me good-mornin' as if I had been a tenant comin' to pay him his rent; and then he said that before we went on with the business between us, there was some things he would like to show me, and he had them all ready. So he steps off to a place a little behind the tent, and there was three great bowlders, whopping big stones, which he said he had brought out of the woods. I could hardly believe him, but there they was. 'You don't mean,' says I, 'that you are goin' to fight with stones; because, if you are, you ought to give me a chance to get some,' and I thought to myself that I would pick up rocks that could be heaved. 'Oh no,' says he, with one of them smiles of his—'oh no; I just want to open our conference with a little gymnastic exhibition.' And so sayin', he rolled up his shirt sleeves—he hadn't no coat on—and he picked up one of them rocks with both hands, and then he gave it a swing with one hand, like you swing a tenpin ball, and he sent that rock about thirty feet.

"It nearly took my breath away, for if I had to move such a stone I'd want a wheelbarrow. Then he took another of the rocks and hurled it right on top of the first one, and it came down so hard that it split itself in half. And then he took up the third one, which was the biggest, and threw it nearly as far, but it didn't hit the others. 'Now, Mr. Matlack,' says he, 'that's the first part of my little programme. I have only one or two more things, and I don't want to keep you long.' Then he went and got a hickory sapling that he'd cut down. It was just the trunk part of it, and must have been at least three inches thick. He put the middle of it at the back of his neck, and then he took hold of the two ends with his hands and pulled forward, and, by George! he broke that stick right in half!

"Then, says he, 'Would you mind steppin' down to the lake?' I didn't mind, and went with him, and when we got down to the water there was their boat drawed up on the shore and pretty nigh full of water. 'Mr. Clyde brought this boat back the other day,' says he, 'from a place where he left it some distance down the lake, and I wonder he didn't sink before he got here. We must try and calk up some of the open seams; but first we've got to get the water out of her.' So sayin', he squatted down on the ground in front of that boat and took hold of it, one hand on one side of the bow and one on the other, and then he gave a big twist, and just turned that boat clean over, water and all, so that it lay with its bottom up, and the water running down into the lake like a little deluge.

"'That ought to have been done long ago,' says he, 'and I'll come down after a while and calk it before the sun gets on it.' Then he walked back to camp as spry as a robin, and then says he, 'Mr. Matlack, my little exhibition is over, and so we'll go ahead with the business you proposed.' I looked around, and says I: 'Do you find that little tent you sleep in comfortable? It seems to me as if your feet must stick out of it.' 'They do,' says he, 'and I sometimes throw a blanket over them to keep them dry. But we are goin' to make different arrangements here. Mr. Clyde and I will bring down his tent after breakfast, and if Mr. Raybold doesn't choose to occupy it, Mr. Clyde says I may share it with him. At any rate, I've engaged to attend to the cookin' and to things in general in this camp durin' the rest of the time we stay here.'

"'And so Mr. Clyde is tired of trespassin', is he?' says I. 'Yes, he is,' says he; 'he's a high-minded young fellow, and doesn't fancy that sort of thing. Mr. Raybold slept last night in a hammock, and if that suits him he may keep it up.' 'If I was you,' says I, 'if he does come back to the camp, I'd make him sleep in that little tent. It would fit him better than it does you.' 'Oh no,' says he, 'I don't want to make no trouble. I'm willin' to sleep anywhere. I'm used to roughin' it, and I could make myself comfortable in any tent I ever saw.' 'Well,' says I, 'that was a very pretty exhibition you gave me, and I am much obliged to you, but I must be goin' over to my camp to help get breakfast.' 'If you see Mr. Clyde,' says he, 'will you kindly tell him that I will come over and help him with his tent in about an hour?' To which I said I would, and I left. Now then, hurry up. Them hermits will want their breakfasts, for they can't starve."

XX.—MARTIN ASSERTS HIS INDIVIDUALITY.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Clyde, as he approached Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, seated opposite each other at their breakfast table. "So you still eat together? Don't ask me to join you; I have had my breakfast."

"Yes," said Mr. Archibald; "we did think that, as we were hermits, we ought to eat in some separate, out-of-the-way fashion; but we could not think of any, and as we were both hungry and liked the same things, we concluded to postpone the assertion of our individualities."

"And Miss Dearborn?" asked Clyde.

"Oh, she had her breakfast long ago, so she told us," said Mrs. Archibald. "I suppose she took some bread and jam, for I do not know what else she could have had."

"As for me," said Clyde, "I thought I would do something of the sort. I like an early breakfast, and so I turned out more than an hour ago and went to look up Mrs. Perkenpine; and I might as well say, sir, that I am now looking for the bishop to come and help me carry our tent back to our own camp, where he is going to cook for us. I never wanted to be a trespasser on your premises, and I don't intend to be any longer."

"That's the right feeling," said Mr. Archibald; "although, in fact, it doesn't make any difference to us whether your party camps here or not. At first I thought it would, but I find it does not."

"By which he means," said Mrs. Archibald, "that if you want to go away he is perfectly willing to have you stay, but if you don't want to go away he doesn't like it, and would have you move."

Clyde laughed. "I haven't anything to say for the others," he answered, "but as long as I have a camp of my own I think I ought to live there."

"But how about Mrs. Perkenpine?" asked Mrs. Archibald. "Did you find her willing to wait on you one at a time?"

"Not exactly," said Clyde. "I discovered her, by her kitchen tent, hard at work eating her own breakfast. I must have looked surprised, for she lost no time in telling me that she was a hermit, and was living for one person at a time—herself first—and that she was mighty glad to get a chance to have her breakfast before anybody else, for she was always hungry and hated waiting. I looked at the table, and saw that she had the breakfast ready for the whole party; so I said, 'I am a hermit too, and I am living for myself, and so I am going to sit down and eat.' 'Squat,' said she, and down I sat; and I had the best meal of her cooking that I have yet tasted. I told her so, and she said she shouldn't wonder. 'Because,' said she, 'I cooked this breakfast for myself—me, one—and as I wasn't thinkin' what other people 'd like, I got things a little more tasty than common, I guess.'"

"And what does she expect Miss Raybold and her brother to do?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"When she had finished she got up," Clyde answered, "and went away, merely remarking that the victuals were there, and when the others were ready for them they might come and get them."

"I hope," said Mr. Archibald, "that Matlack will not fancy that sort of a hermit life. But as for me, I am greatly taken with the scheme. I think I shall like it. Is Miss Raybold about yet?"

"I see nothing of her," said Clyde, looking over toward her tent.

"Good!" said Mr. Archibald, rising. "Harriet, if you want me, I shall be in my cave."

"And where is that?" she asked.

"Oh, I can't say exactly where it will be," he answered, "but if you will go down to the shore of the lake and blow four times on the dinner-horn I'll come to you, cave and all. I can easily pull it over the water."

"You forget," said Mrs. Archibald, with a smile, "that we are associate hermits."

"No, I do not," said her husband; "I remember it, and that is the reason I am off before Miss Raybold emerges upon the scene."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Archibald to Clyde, "exactly how I am going to assert myself to-day, but I shall do it one way or the other; I am not going to be left out in the cold."

Clyde smiled, but he had no suggestion to offer; his mind was filled with the conjecture as to what sort of a hermit life Margery was going to lead, and if she had already begun it. But just then the bishop came up, and together they went to carry the tent back to Camp Roy.

It was at least an hour afterward, and Mrs. Archibald was comfortably seated in the shade darning stockings, and an open book in her lap. Sometimes she would read a little in the book, and then she would make some long and careful stitches in the stocking, and then she would look about her as if she greatly enjoyed combining her work and her recreation in such a lovely place on such a lovely summer morning. During one of these periods of observation she perceived Corona Raybold approaching.

"Good-morning," said the elder lady. "Is this your first appearance?"

"Yes," said Corona, with a gentle smile. "When I woke this morning I found myself to be an individual who liked to lie in bed and gaze out through an open fold in my tent upon the world beyond, and so I lay and dozed and gazed, until I felt like getting up, and then I got up, and you cannot imagine how bright and happy I felt as I thought of what I had been doing. For one morning at least I had been true to myself, without regard to other people or what they might think about it. Now to-morrow, if I feel like it, I shall rise at dawn, and go out and look at the stars struggling with Aurora. Whatever my personal instincts happen to be, I shall be loyal to them. Now how do you propose to assert your individuality?"

"Unfortunately," said Mrs. Archibald, "I cannot do that exactly as I would like to. If we had not promised my daughter and her husband that we would stay away for a month, I should go directly home and superintend my jelly-making and fruit-preserving; but as I cannot do that, I have determined to act out my own self here. I shall darn stockings and sew or read, and try to make myself comfortable and happy, just as I would if I were sitting on my broad piazza at home."

"Good!" said Corona. "I think it likely that you will be more true to yourself than any of us. Doubtless you were born to be the head of a domestic household, and if you followed your own inclination you would be that if you were adrift with your family on a raft in the middle of the ocean. Now I am going away to see what further suggestions my nature has to offer me. What is Mr. Archibald doing?"

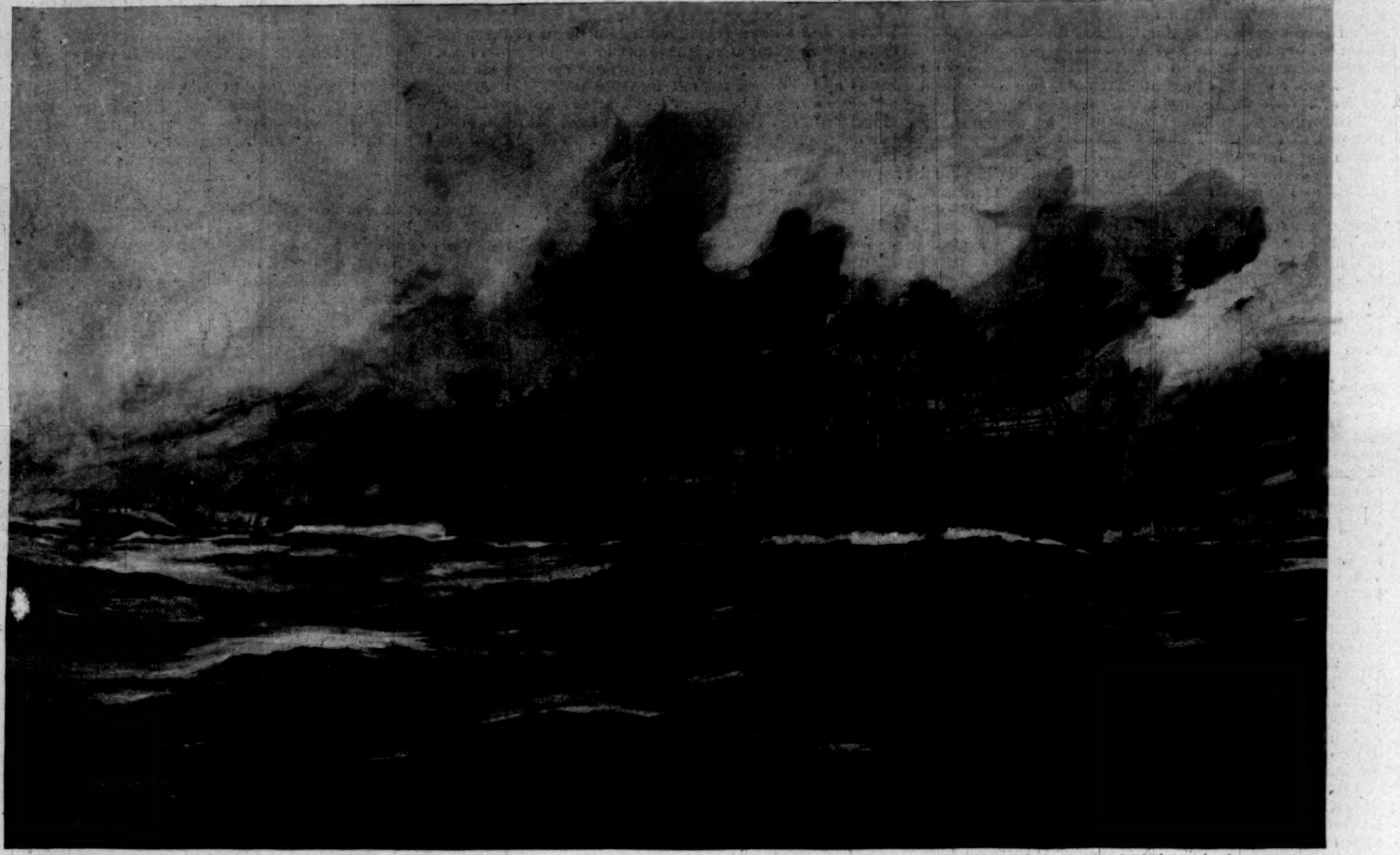
Mrs. Archibald smiled. She knew what Corona's nature would suggest if she met a man who could talk, or rather listen. "Oh, his nature has prompted him to hie away to the haunts of game, and to stay there until he is half starved."

Miss Raybold heaved a little sigh. "I see very few persons about here," she said—"only the two guides, in fact."

"Yes," said Mrs. Archibald; "the bishop has gone to help Mr. Clyde with his tent."

Corona moved slowly away, and as she walked her nature suggested that she had better eat something; so she repaired to the scene of Mrs. Perkenpine's ordinary operations. There she found that good woman stretched flat on her back on the ground, fast asleep. Her face and body were shaded by some overhanging branches, but her great feet were illumined and gilded by the blazing sun. On a camp table near by were the remains of the breakfast. It had been there for two or three hours. Arthur Raybold had taken what he wanted and had gone, and before composing herself for her nap Mrs. Perkenpine had thrown over it a piece of mosquito-netting.

Corona smiled. "Their natures are coming out beautifully," she said. "It really does me good to see how admirably the scheme is unfolding itself." She sat down and ate what she could find to her taste, but it was not much. "I shall send for some fruit and some biscuit and some other little things," she thought, "that I can keep in my tent and eat when I please. That will suit me much better than the ordinary meals." Then, without awaken-



OUR LATEST TORPEDO CRAFT.—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.—[See Page 850.]

ing Mrs. Perkenpine, she strolled away, directing her steps toward Camp Roy.

When Margery had gone to her room, and had changed her wet clothes, she was thoroughly miserable. For some time she sat on the side of her little cot, unwilling to go out, on account of a nervous fear that she might meet Mr. Raybold. Of course, if he should again speak to her as he had done, she would immediately appeal to Mr. Archibald, but she did not want to do this, for she had a very strong desire not to make any trouble or divisions in the camp, and she lay down to think over the matter, and in less than two minutes she was asleep. Mrs. Archibald had come to call her to breakfast, but upon being told that she had been up ever so long, and had had her breakfast, she left the girl to her nap.

"I shall sleep here," thought Margery, "until they have all gone to do whatever it is they want to do, and then perhaps I may have a little peace."

When she awoke it was nearly eleven o'clock, and she went immediately to her little side window, from which she could see the lake and a good deal of the campground. The first thing which met her reconnoitring gaze was a small boat some distance out on the lake. Its oars were revolving slowly, something like a pair of wheels with one paddle each, and it was occupied by one person. This person was Arthur Raybold, who had found the bishop calking the boat, and as soon as this work was finished, had moodily declared that he would take a row in her. He had not yet had a chance to row a boat which was in a decent condition. He wanted to be alone with his aspirations. He thought it would be scarcely wise to attempt to speak to Margery again that morning; he would give her time for her anger to cool. She was only a woman, and he knew women!

"It's that Raybold," said Margery. "He knows no more about rowing than a cat, and he's floating sideways down the lake. Good! Now I can go out and hope to be let alone. I don't know when he will ever get that boat back again. Perhaps never."

She was not a wicked girl, and she did not desire that the awkward rower might never get back; but still she did not have that dread of an accident which might have come over her had the occupant of the boat been a brother or any one she cared very much about. She took a novel, of which, during her whole stay in camp, she had read perhaps ten pages, and left the cabin, this time by the door.

"How does your individuality treat you?" asked Mrs. Archibald, as Margery approached her.

"Oh, horribly, so far," was the answer; "but I think it is going to do better. I shall find some nice place where I can read and be undisturbed. I can think of nothing pleasanter such a morning as this."

"I am very much mistaken in your nature," thought Mrs. Archibald, "if that is the sort of thing that suits you."

"Martin," said Margery, not in the least surprised that she should meet the young guide within the next three minutes, "do you know of some really nice secluded spot where I can sit and read, and not be bothered? I don't mean that place where you hung the hammock. I don't want to go there again."

Martin was pale, and his voice trembled as he spoke. "Miss Dearborn," said he, "I think it is a wicked and a burning shame that you should be forced to look for a hiding-place where you may hope to rest undisturbed if that scoundrel in the boat out there should happen to fancy to come ashore. But you needn't do it. There is no necessity for it. Go where you please, sit where you please, and do what you please, and I will see to it that you are not disturbed."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Margery. "That would never do. I know very well that you could keep him away from me, and I am quite sure that you would be glad to do it, but there mustn't be anything of that kind. He is Miss Raybold's brother and—and in a way one of our camping party, and I don't want any disturbances or quarrels."

Martin's breast heaved, and he breathed heavily. "I have no doubt you are right," he said—"of course you are. But I can tell you this: if I see that fellow troubling you again I'll kill him, or—"

"Martin! Martin!" exclaimed Margery. "What do you mean? What makes you talk in this way?"

"What makes me?" he exclaimed, as if impossible to restrain his words. "My heart makes me, my soul makes me. I—"

"Your heart? Your soul?" interrupted Margery. "I don't understand."

For a moment he looked at the astonished girl in silence, and then he said: "Miss Dearborn, it's of no use for me to try to hide what I feel. If I hadn't got so angry I might have been able to keep quiet, but I can't do it now. If that man thinks he loves you, his love is like a grain of sand compared to mine."

"Yours?" cried Margery.

"Yes," said Martin, his face pallid and his eyes sparkling, "mine. You may think it is an insult for me to talk this way, but love is love, and it will spring up where it pleases; and besides, I am not the common sort of a fellow you may think I am. After saying what I have said, I am bound to say more. I belong to a good family, and am college bred. I am poor, and I love nature. I am working to make money to travel and become a naturalist. I prefer this sort of work because it takes me into the heart of nature. I am not ashamed of what I am, I am not ashamed of my work, and my object in life is a nobler one, I think, than the practice of the law, or a great many other things like it."

Margery stood and looked at him with wide-open eyes. "Do you mean to say," she said, "that you want to marry me? It would take years and years and years for you to become naturalist enough to support a wife."

"I have made no plans," he said, quickly, "I have no purpose. I did not intend to tell you now that I love you, but since I have said that I will say also that with you to fight for, there could be no doubt about my success. I should be bound to succeed. It would be impossible for me to fail. And as for the years, I would wait, no matter how many they should be."

He spoke with such hot earnestness that Margery involuntarily drew herself a little away from him. At this the flush went out of his face.

"Oh, Miss Dearborn," he exclaimed, "don't think that I am like that man out there! Don't think that I will persecute you if you don't wish to hear me, that I will follow you about and make your life miserable. If you say to me that you do not wish to see me again, you will never see me again. Say what you please, and you will find that I am a gentleman."

She could see that now. She felt sure that if she told him she did not wish ever to see him again he would never appear before her. But what would he do? She was not in the least afraid of him, but his fierce earnestness frightened her, not for herself, but for him. Suddenly a thought struck her.

"Martin," said she, "I don't doubt in the least that what you have said to me about yourself is true. You are as good as other people, although you do happen now to be a guide, and perhaps after a while you may be very well off, but for all that you are a guide, and you are in Mr. Sadler's employment, and Mr. Sadler's rights and powers are just like gas escaping from a pipe; they are everywhere from cellar to garret, so to speak, and you couldn't escape them. It would be a bad, bad thing for you, Martin, if he were to hear that you make propositions of the kind you have made, to the ladies that he pays you to take out into the woods and guide and protect."

Martin was on the point of a violent expostulation, but she stopped him.

"Now I know what you are going to say," she exclaimed, "but it isn't of any use. You are in his employment, and you are bound to honor and respect him; that is the way a guide can show himself to be a gentleman."

"But suppose," said Martin, quickly, "that he, knowing my family as he does, should think I had done wisely in speaking to you."

A cloud came over her brow. It annoyed her that he should thus parry her thrust.

"Well, you can ask him," she said, abruptly; "and if he doesn't object, you can go to see my mother, when she gets home, and ask her. And here comes Mr. Matlack. I think he has been calling you. And now don't say another word, unless it is about fish."

But Matlack did not come; he stopped and called, and Martin went to him.

Margery walked languidly toward the woods and sat down on the projecting root of a large tree. Then leaning back against the trunk, she sighed.

"It is a perfectly dreadful thing to be a girl," she said; "but I am glad I did not speak to him as I did to Mr. Raybold. I believe he would have jumped into the lake."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S PRIDE.

I HAVE been amused over Colonel Roosevelt's claims for the worth and efficiency of his Rough Riders. It is such an old soldier trick.

Also, the curious effect it has had on the public, who, not understanding soldiers, take it seriously.

All soldiers, the world over and history through, will claim every virtue for their own regiments, privates as well as colonels, and so, too, will "Jackies" for their particular ships. Privates and Jackies will clip you on the nose if you even presume to question their claims.

Regimental affection is a grand thing, too. It means so much to the members. It involves their past and their pride.

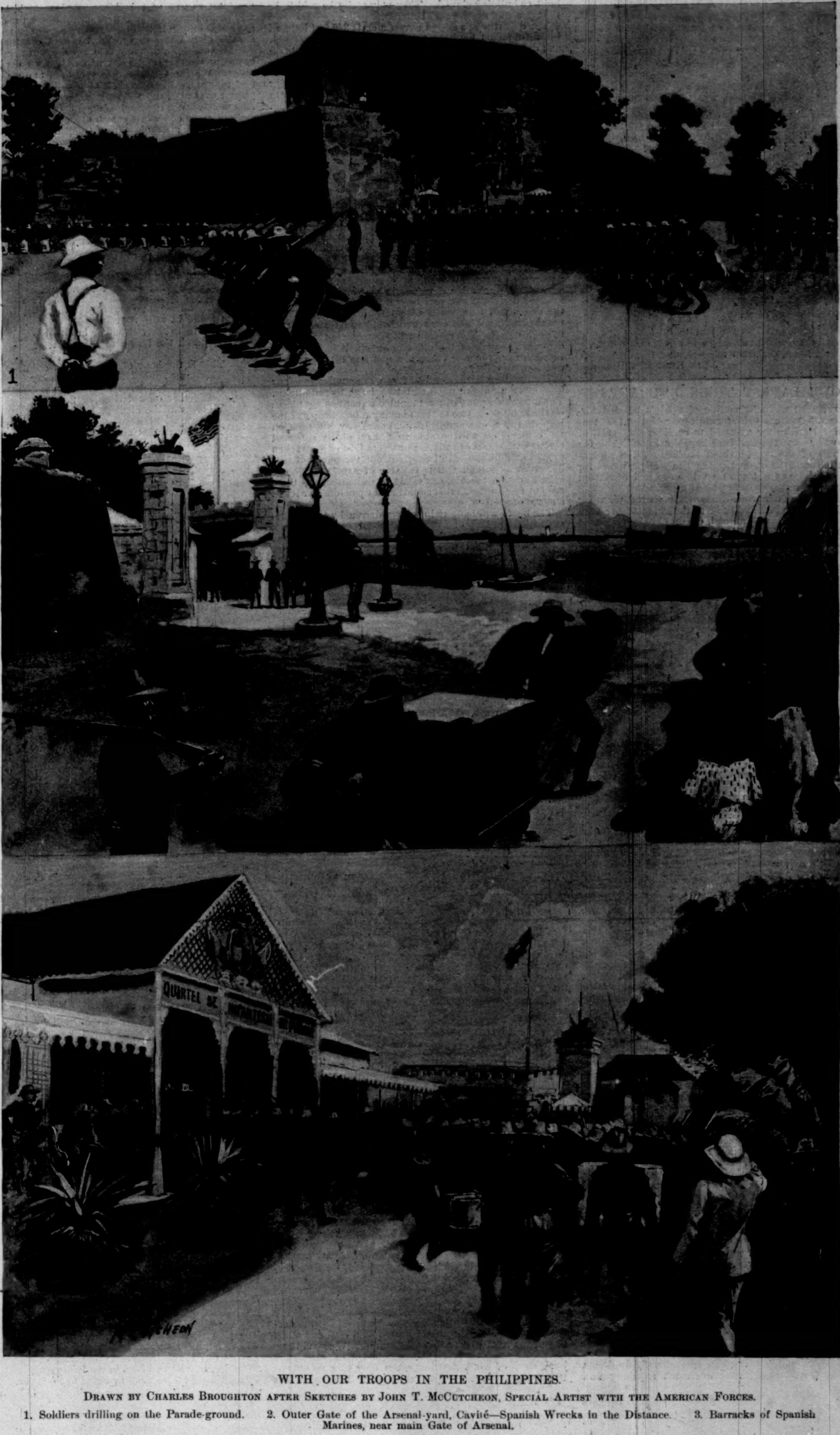
What a poor stick a colonel would be who did not think his regiment was the best in the world, ancient or modern! And you may be sure a private who won't stand up for his regiment is wrong somehow; probably no good.

And soldiers retain this affection for their old regiments, although they may be long out of them. General Miles won't go anywhere without the Fifth Infantry if he can help it; and I firmly believe General Merritt would hang any one who said aught against the Fifth Cavalry.

By the same token soldiers and sailors will stand up for their colonel (and when they won't, it is a sure sign that the officer is sadly lacking) or their captain "to a finish" anywhere, any place, any time.

I hope the Rough Riders will never have to lick all the people that their belligerent colonel thinks they can lick. Yet it wouldn't do at all for you to go near a Rough Rider camp and say anything derogatory of Roosevelt. You would have to make good on the spot.

Frederic Remington.



WITH OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON AFTER SKETCHES BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON, SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES.

1. Soldiers drilling on the Parade-ground. 2. Outer Gate of the Arsenal-yard, Cavité—Spanish Wrecks in the Distance. 3. Barracks of Spanish Marines, near main Gate of Arsenal.

TO THE WAR LORD.

A despatch from Berlin states that the Emperor William was thrown from his horse while returning to the palace yesterday. The animal was frightened by bouquets thrown at the Emperor by ladies who stood on the sidewalk while his Majesty was passing.—*Daily Paper.*

O August Potentate, Most Glorious Me,
King of the first Person, Self of Majesty,
Lord by a Right Divine, Emperor Serene,
Placed on a throne by God, what can this mean?

Does the Polar Star e'er fall to grovelling Earth
Because of a misfit, misplaced saddle-girth?
Hath grim Gibraltar slipped e'er from its base,
Or even budged from its appointed place?

Hath seething old Niagara stubbed its toe
And landed with an ignominious splash below;
Hath dark Thermopylæ, deep stained in blood,
E'er stumbled o'er itself with sickening thud,

Because some lady fair on festal day
Hath deigned to pelt it with a small bouquet?
Hath the grim stone face up in the Hampshire Hills
E'er had to blush because of earthly ills?

Yet these, my Lord, each one like unto thee,
Are full of grandeur, full of Majesty,
Placed as they are by Him who placed thee where
Man may admire, may marvel at and stare.

Of God's superb creations, why of all,
O Kaiser great, art thou the first to fall?
And not by some convulsion in fair Nature's course,
But *chucked*—oh, shameful tale—*chucked* from a *horse!*

John Kendrick Bangs.

OUR LATEST TORPEDO-CRAFT.

Despite the untimely ending of Spain's boasted torpedo-boat-destroyers before Santiago, and the fact that some naval critics are disposed to consider such craft of little avail at any time, still we have not lost faith in the usefulness of the type, and on the 23d of the present month bids will be opened at the Navy Department for the construction of a dozen torpedo-boats and of sixteen "destroyers" of the most improved order.

Heretofore the department has not prepared plans for the "destroyer" class, and those of the bidders have been either wholly planned abroad, or so closely fashioned upon the lines of those of Great Britain and France that no claim for American ingenuity could be raised through them; but now the Navy Department has drawn up its own design, and the boats promise to be improvements upon the best of those abroad, especially in the all-important elements of seaworthiness and powers of offence.

The boats will be 175 feet long on the load water-line, will have a maximum beam of 17 feet, and draw about seven feet of water on a normal displacement of 165 to 170 tons.

The boats will carry a battery of at least three rapid-fire guns, and an ammunition supply of three and a half tons. The design contemplates 3-pounders, but the calibre of the guns will depend somewhat upon future settlement, and there is reason to believe some of the pieces will be of the 1-pounder automatic type, much on the order of those highly effective Maxim guns. The torpedo outfit will consist of three short torpedo-tubes and a supply of five torpedoes. The tubes will be placed either abreast or *en échelon* on either side amidships, with the third tube on the centre line 'way aft. This disposition gives the greatest effective service for three tubes, especially where the broadside tubes cannot be trained athwartships.

The boats will have two conning-towers, each fashioned of half-inch nickel-steel plating. From the forward tower most of the navigating work will be done, and the steering-gear there will be effected by steam control, while the after-tower will be fitted only with the ordinary hand-wheel arrangement. On the forward tower there will be an electric search-light of considerable power—a feature distinctly novel to our torpedo-boats, and a facility of great usefulness during much of the service of craft of this kind. An electric plant will also supply energy for a set of night signals, for the running lights, and also for all interior illumination.

So far as possible within the narrow limits of such vessels the comfort of officers and crew has been considerately studied, and every effort has been made to make the boats both comfortable and healthful, even under the stress of bad weather, when hatches are battened down, and only the blowers can be induced to draw down the fresh air from without. Folding-berths have been provided for twenty-four enlisted men, and these will be turned up out of the way when not in use. The crew are placed aft, where they will be less affected by the movements of the boats in a heavy seaway. Forward there are accommodations for a commanding officer, an engineer officer, and two petty officers; and it is some evidence to the cunning of the plan that bathing accommodations have been provided for both the officers and the crew.

The boats will be driven by two sets of triple-expansion engines of the four-cylinder type, and for those who love figures it may be well to state that the high-pressure cylinder of each engine will have a diameter of 14 inches, the intermediate cylinder a diameter of 22 inches, and each of the two low-pressure cylinders a diameter of 25¼ inches, while all will have a common stroke of 18 inches. When making about 350 revolutions a minute, the engines will develop quite 3000 indicated horse-power, and the boats should make then between twenty-six and twenty-seven knots. Steam will be supplied by three good-sized water-tube boilers, in two separate water-tight compartments—forward and aft of the two engine-rooms—and the working pressure will be 250 pounds to the square inch. At least forty tons of coal must be provided for in the bunker space, and the department's design contemplates its distribution abreast the engines and boilers for protection.

A cost limit of $170,000 is placed upon the torpedo-boats, and no bid will be considered that does not promise a speed of at least twenty-six knots; and it is needless to remark that the department's boat has a margin considerably in excess of this.

THE DESTROYERS.

The torpedo-boat-destroyers are exceptionally fine boats, and in compass considerably overreach anything now built or building abroad. They may really be said to be the Spanish "destroyers" bettered.

The department's design covers a craft 245 feet long, of beautiful model, having a maximum beam of only 23 feet, and drawing, upon a trial displacement of 420 tons, practically eight feet of water. The usual turtle-back has given way to a flush forecastle-deck, promising fine sea-going qualities, and affording at the same time superior accommodations for the crew of sixty persons. There are two conning-towers, one on the forecastle-deck and one 'way aft on the main-deck, and the vessel can be handled from either, although only the forward tower will have its steering-gear worked by steam. On top of each of the towers there will be a 12-pounder rapid-fire gun, and a very wide arch of fire is assured each. On an extension of the bridge upon the forward tower there will be a third steering-wheel, by which most of the navigating will be done in reasonable weather, and on a stand reared above this steering-station there will be placed an effective search-light.

The boats will be lighted throughout by electricity, and the running lights and the night signal code will be worked in the same way. There are fine ventilating arrangements in the shape of numerous blowers; and an extensive pumping plant, connecting with each of the numerous separate water-tight compartments, provides against all reasonable demands in case of either fire or leak. All wood-work will be carefully fireproofed, and the decks will be covered with linoleum instead of the usual planking. The crew will be placed forward, and the officers aft. The captain will have a state-room and a cabin, while each of the other officers will have a comfortable state-room. There are quarters aft, too, for a dozen petty officers.

The armament will consist of two 12-pounder and four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns and two large torpedo-tubes. The 6-pounder guns will be mounted in convenient places on the main-deck, two of them having a bow fire; and the torpedo-tubes, one amidships and one 'way aft, each on the centre-line, will be able to fire on either side and through wide arcs of train. For the rapid-fire guns seven tons of ammunition will be carried, and the power of that battery, where each gun is capable of a rate of twenty aimed shots a minute, can easily be estimated, and there are but few gunboats that could stand up before so wicked a storm of shell.

The boats will have twin screws driven by two triple-expansion engines of the four-cylinder type, each in a separate compartment, and will develop 8000 indicated horse-power when making 327 revolutions a minute. Steam will be supplied by four water-tube boilers, two forward and two aft of the engine spaces, and at a working pressure of 300 pounds. A coal-supply of at least 100 tons, stowed abreast the boilers and engines, will give an effective radius of action. The layman can hardly appreciate the power of these engines, the weight of which, together with the boilers and auxiliaries, is practically half the displacement of the vessels, but they develop a driving force for these boats four-fifths as great as that required to propel one of our 11,500-ton battle-ships at a rate of 16 knots. The care and proper management of such machinery and boilers require the highest kind of skill, and the navigation of such craft is very much akin to the control of a locomotive loose upon an untracked surface, where but the slightest initiative movement would involve a delirious sweep. To fall overboard from such a boat would certainly mean a broken neck, and to make the most of her at top-rate speed demands the greatest precision of judgment from every working member of her complement—from the navigator at the wheel to the humblest stoker in the fire-room.

The average cost limit for the destroyers is $295,000, and substantial advantage is promised the bidders guaranteeing the highest speeds, the best sea-going qualities, and the promptest deliveries, either upon the department's design or upon plans of their own.

August 20, 1898. Robert G. Skerrett.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER RECEIVED FROM A MEMBER OF TROOP "A."

"On Board Transport 'Massachusetts.'

"This is Monday, and we expect to be in sight of Puerto Rico this afternoon, and our journey is almost over. You have really no idea of what a transport is, and especially one that is over-crowded. It is really a hell on earth—or rather on water! Thank Heaven, the weather has been fine, and I have slept on deck every night, not even going below when it rained. I never felt better in my life, and have come to the conclusion that I can stand anything. As I have not been at all seasick, I volunteered for the stable police, who have to clean up belowdecks where the horses are. If you could put all the terrible smells in the world together, you would get some idea of what it is. We can only stand it for about a half an hour at a time, and then have to take a spell on deck to recover. If we had a storm I am afraid it would go hard with some of the lads, as a good many are pretty seasick now. The food is fierce, and we only have condensed steam to drink, which is almost hot; but still I seem to thrive upon it. Every morning we get up at five, and form a line in our birthday suits and have a great hose played on us. Then we have breakfast, and after that comes target practice at boxes over the stern. I am so sunburnt that you would not know me, and, as I said before, feel out of sight. The hardest time we ever had was the day before we started; the loading up was simply awful, and I was so tired that I just lay down on a bale of hay and went to sleep. The horses have stood the trip very well, and I don't think we will lose a single one."

"Ponce, *August 4, 1898.*

"We got in sight of land day before yesterday morning at about 7 A.M., and at three o'clock in the afternoon came in sight of the harbor of Ponce. It was a wonderful sight, for the town had only surrendered two days before, and the harbor was full of war-vessels and transports. Well, we were sailing proudly along, when, just at the entrance of the harbor, we ran aground on a reef, and stuck there in spite of every effort to get us off. We staid there until yesterday afternoon, almost dead from the heat, and not a drop of water to drink, when they took us over to the *Prairie,* where we spent the night. I tell you that transport was as near hell as any place could be, and I will never forget it. We were on fire three times in two days, and only had hardtack and rotten coffee to eat and a little dirty water to drink. I cannot imagine what it would have been if there had been a storm. We had beautiful weather, and most of us slept on deck every night. We came ashore this morning, and we got the first square meal in a week. This is the quaintest little place I ever saw, and the natives are very friendly to the Americans. We changed some of our money to-day, and got two dollars in Spanish money for one American dollar. There are thousands of troops here, and they say the Spaniards cannot run away fast enough. The weather here is much cooler than I have felt in New York lots of times, and I am feeling very well. Our horses are coming ashore this afternoon. We are camped right in front of a little church that is 150 years old."

FROM: A VISION OF RECONCILEMENT.

BY EDWARD McQUEEN GRAY.

Men of the Anglo-Saxon Race:

Across a thousand leagues of sea
  Ye may not parley face to face,
But yet your generous hearts are free
  To interchange a generous thought;
Or else in vain your splendid seers
  Have to their listening brethren sought
To teach the lesson of the years.

This is the hour of human stress;
  Surging against the clanging door
Of doom bewildered millions press
  Together on a dwindling floor
Where still the elemental war
  Is waged between the Day and Night;
The powers that aid, the powers that bar
  Their struggling fellows from the light.
Oppugnant forces on the earth
  Have set humanity at stake;
Here Liberty is choked at birth;
  There Freedom bids the soul awake.

All are involved, for none may shun
  That issue, and mankind can mark
How some are turning to the sun
  And some are huddling in the dark.
And some are trampling others down
  And some are hurling others back;
Here a new nation wins renown;
  There drifts a dynasty to wrack.
And closer, as the narrowing space
  Drives each upon the other, grows
The grip of wrestling race with race,
  The grapple of instinctive foes.

What course to take? What cause espouse?
  Self-interest or common weal?
Madman or saint alone avows
  What steadier intellects but feel.

Yet, by the things that make you great:
  The wrath that stirs you at the cry
Of freemen overborne: your hate
  Of wrong: your scorn of treachery:
Ye stand engaged at Tyranny
  To strike; earth's fallen to uplift;
Are ye not heirs of Liberty
  And stewards of her priceless gift?
'Tis not for nothing in your veins
  The ichor of the Viking runs
That bids you firmly grasp the reins
  Of rule, bequeathing to your sons
A birthright of supremacy
  By deep deserving strongly stayed;
No germ of fatuous ecstasy,
  But on the prime foundation laid.
Ye are the vanguard of the bright
  Battalions of progressive Time;
March onward, upward to the light;
  Fulfil your destiny sublime
To be the marshallers of Peace
  And Progress in their blest career;
From Ignorance to wrest release;
  To vanquish Enmity and Fear.

Mine eyes may not behold it, but
  Some day shall rise a nobly planned A
Valhalla where with Farragut
  Shall Collingwood and Nelson stand.
The stars and stripes and crosses flaunt
  Their mingled blazons through the dome
Where Wellington shall welcome Grant,
  Sherman and Wolfe shall find a home.
There, Freedom's sleepless warder, shall
  His wings a mighty Eagle spread
Above that fane; within that hall
  A Lion guards the sacred dead.
And highest in that House of Fame
  Shall stand Virginia's deathless son;
And England write her noblest name
  After the name of Washington.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Wednesday, August 10.—The first American soldier who has been killed by the enemy in Puerto Rico fell in an engagement near Hormigueros to-day. General Schwan's command, proceeding along the Mayaguez road, was opposed by a force of about 1200 Spaniards. The enemy was driven back with heavy loss, and our advance continued. Our loss, one killed and sixteen wounded.

Friday, August 12.—M. Cambon received authority to sign the protocol on behalf of Spain, at one o'clock this afternoon. At 4.23 his signature and that of Secretary Day were affixed in the Cabinet Room of the White House. The provisions of the document are these: (1.) Spain will relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba. (2.) Puerto Rico and other Spanish islands in the West Indies, and an island in the Ladrones to be selected by the United States, shall be ceded to the latter. (3.) The

United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines. (4.) Cuba, Puerto Rico, and other Spanish islands in the West Indies shall be immediately evacuated, and commissioners, to be appointed within ten days, shall, within thirty days from the signing of the protocol, meet at Havana and San Juan, respectively, to arrange and execute the details of the evacuation. (5.) The United States and Spain will each appoint not more than five commissioners to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace. The commissioners are to meet at Paris not later than the 1st of October. (6.) On the signing of the protocol, hostilities will be suspended, and notice to that effect will be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces.

A proclamation by President McKinley was issued, which stated that the governments of the United States and Spain had formally agreed upon the terms on which negotiations for the establishment of peace between the two countries should be undertaken, and added: "Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do, in accordance with the stipulations of the protocol, declare and proclaim on the part of the United States a suspension of hostilities, and do hereby command that orders be immediately given through the proper channels, to the commanders of the military and naval forces of the United States, to abstain from all acts inconsistent with this proclamation." Orders for carrying this direction into effect issued from Washington.

A bombardment of Manzanillo by the *Newark, Suwanee, Osceola, Hist*, and *Alvarado*, which began this afternoon about an hour before the protocol was signed, was reported to-night, and efforts were made to send news to that point in regard to the cessation of hostilities.

At Havana a few shells were fired by the batteries early this morning. One shell struck the *San Francisco*.

In Puerto Rico, General Wilson has sent artillery to dislodge a Spanish force near Aibonito. An inconclusive skirmish took place, in which one of our men was killed and several wounded. There was also skirmishing along General Wilson's line on the military road to San Juan.

Saturday, August 13.—Madrid sends word that "a feeling of profound relief pervades all classes," and "there is not a political man in Spain strong enough to dare suggest a continuation of war." While some of the Spanish newspapers express sorrow and bitter resentment in view of the terms of the protocol, this dissent is no more than might have been anticipated; indeed, it is less, both in volume and in violence, than was generally expected.

Captain Goodrich of the *Newark* was notified early this morning of the suspension of hostilities. In the bombardment at Manzanillo, thus brought to an end, it is reported that six persons in the town were killed and seventeen wounded, and sixty-five houses were destroyed.

Near Guayama, Puerto Rico, the news of peace stopped a battle, not a moment too soon. A despatch says that General Brooke had thrown out three strong columns to the left of Guayama, his plan being to force his way to a junction with General Wilson at Cayey. "Three miles out beyond the scene of Monday's fight the enemy was discovered, intrenched in a splendid defensive position on the top of a hill. Light-battery B of Pennsylvania had been ordered into position to begin the engagement. The guns of the first section had been brought up and a gun had been unlimbered; a shell had been placed in the chamber; a Pennsylvanian stood ready to fire.

"Suddenly there was a loud shout from the rear. Two men on horseback dashed into view, frantically waving their arms. The men at the guns waited." A message from General Miles had been received by General Brooke, directing that all hostile military operations should be stopped. "The Pennsylvanians, officers and men, howled with disgust, and [when ordered to return to camp] sullenly wheeled the guns about and went, grumbling, to the rear."

The defences of Manila were bombarded by our fleet while the trenches were stormed by our soldiers. News of the armistice had not been received. Captain-General Augustin, carried in a launch to the German cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta*, took passage on that vessel to Hong-kong. Admiral Dewey's despatch of this date says:

"Manila surrendered to-day to the American land and naval forces after a combined attack. A division of the squadron shelled the forts and intrenchments at Malate, on the south side of the city, driving back the enemy, our army advancing from that side at the same time. The city surrendered about five o'clock, the American flag being hoisted by Lieutenant Brumby. About 7000 prisoners were taken. The squadron had no casualties; no vessels were injured. On August 7 General Merritt and I formally demanded the surrender of the city, which the Spanish Governor-General refused."

Sunday, August 14.—Four transports from Santiago reached Montauk Point, Long Island. The *Miami* had on board Colonel Roosevelt with six troops of Rough Riders, and General Joseph Wheeler with four troops of the Third Cavalry.

Tuesday, August 16.—The members of the commissions to adjust details of the evacuation of Cuba and Puerto Rico by the Spanish troops were appointed by President McKinley. Their names follow: For Cuba—Major-General James F. Wade, Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, Major-General Matthew C. Butler. For Puerto Rico—Major-General John R. Brooke, Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, Brigadier-General William Washington Gordon.

Ambassador Hay, at London, accepted the office of Secretary of State, to replace Secretary Day, who will serve on the Peace Commission.

Wednesday, August 17.—A despatch to the London *Times* from Manila adds details of especial interest to the story of the surrender of that city last Saturday. "When the bombardment had lasted an hour," the correspondent says, "the ships were ordered to stop firing. A fierce fight was proceeding in the trenches; the Spaniards were driven back to their second line of defence, and fifteen minutes later they retreated into the walled city, where resistance was hopeless." Soon afterwards a white flag was raised, and then "the Belgian consul boarded the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey's flag-ship, and returned with an American lieutenant [Brumby] to the Spanish military governor, who agreed to surrender. General Merritt went to the palace at 3.30, where the Spaniards formed in line and laid down their arms."

Apparently an hour or more was consumed in these ceremonies, for Dewey's despatch says that the surrender took place about five o'clock.

"The American loss," this correspondent continues, "was from six to eight killed and forty wounded. The Spanish losses are unknown, but are considerable. The trenches were filled with badly wounded men. Manila is now under martial law, and General Merritt is military governor. The Red Cross Society from California is rendering valuable aid to the sick and wounded."

Marrion Wilcox.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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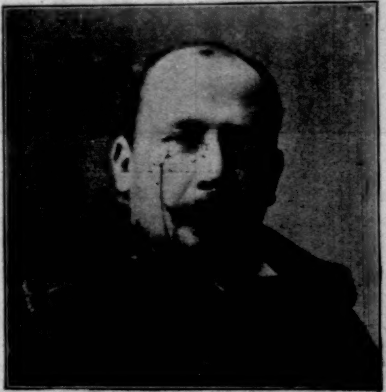
MAX O'RELL,
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:



Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me.
Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

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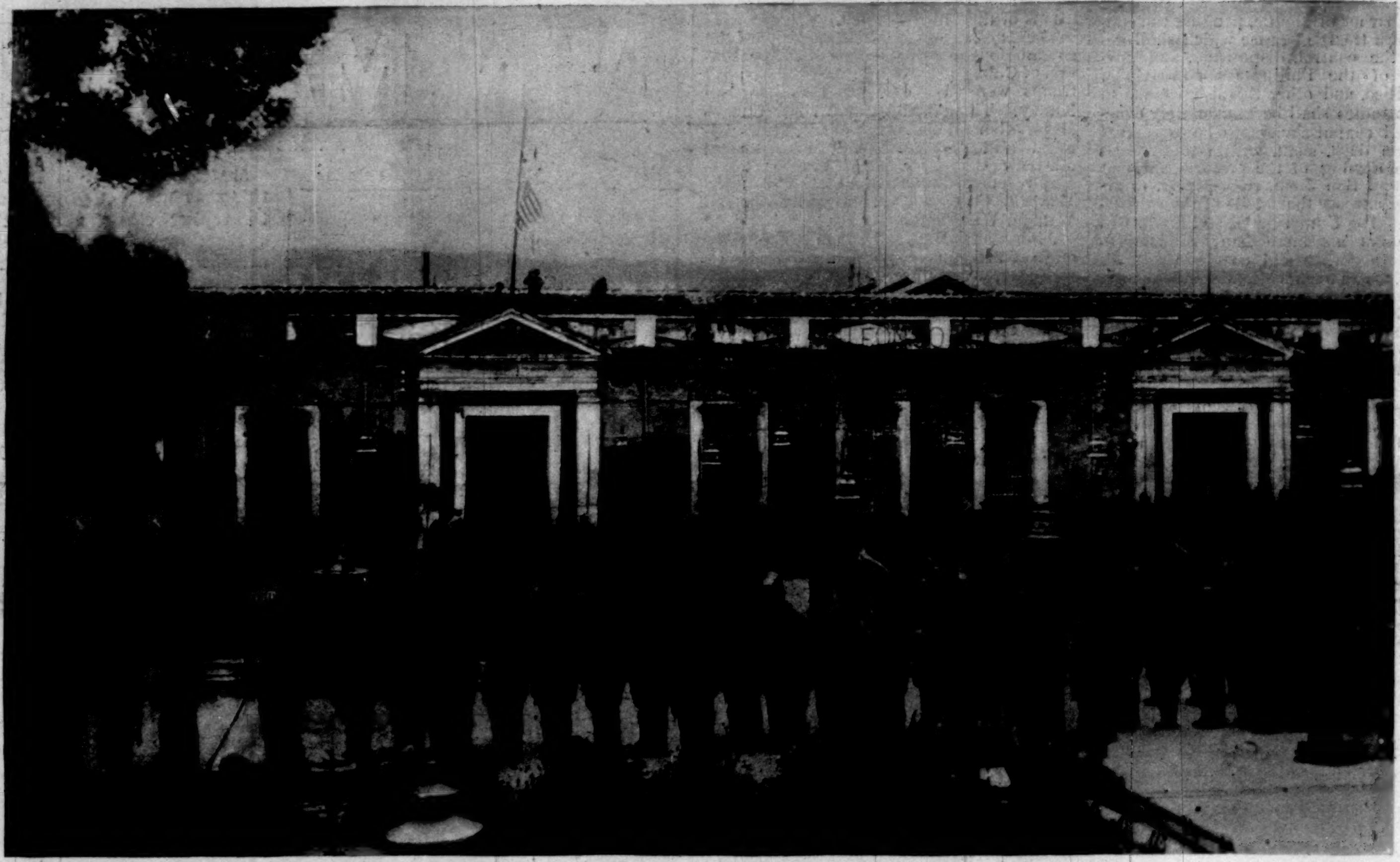
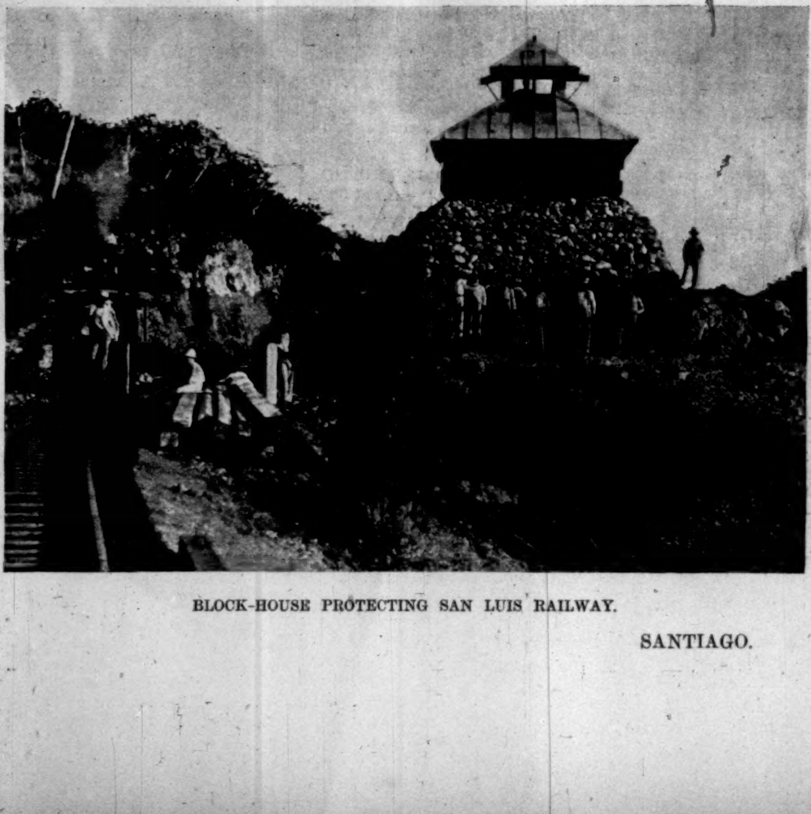


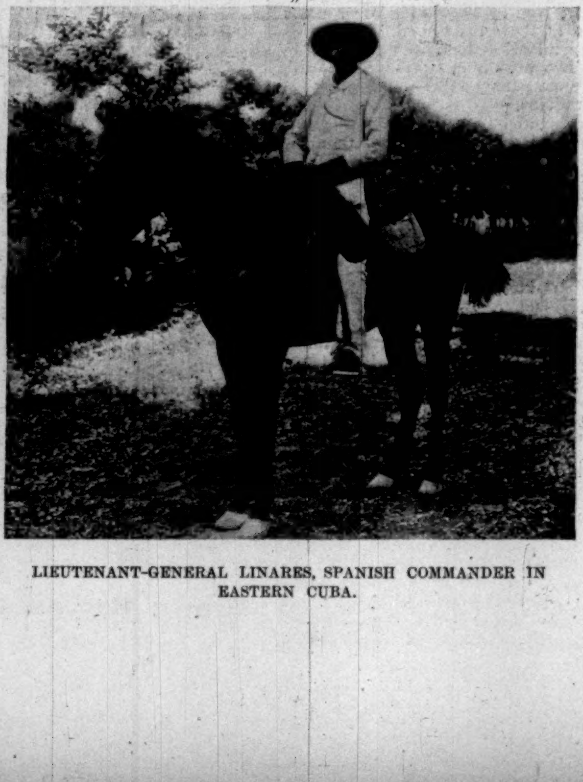
RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE CASA MUNICIPAL.

PLAZA DE ARMAS.

GENERAL VARA DEL REY, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF CANEY.

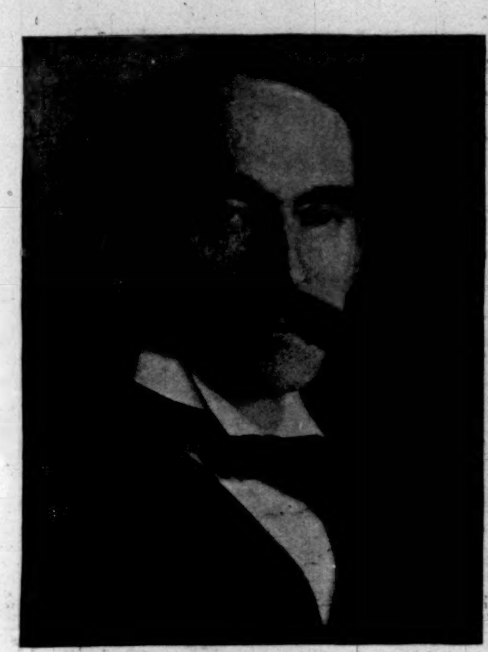


BLOCK-HOUSE PROTECTING SAN LUIS RAILWAY.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LINARES, SPANISH COMMANDER IN EASTERN CUBA.

SANTIAGO.



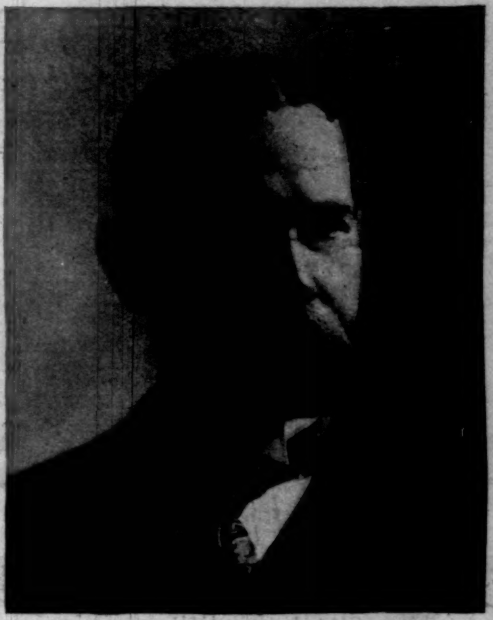
HON. WILLIAM R. DAY.

JUDGE DAY.

WILLIAM R. DAY, who is about to resign his position as Secretary of State to accept the chairmanship of the Peace Commission that is to determine the terms on which the United States shall resume relations with Spain, was born at Ravenna, Ohio, April 17, 1849, and is the son of Judge Luther Day, of the Supreme Court of Ohio. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin with the class of '70, and was admitted to the bar of his State in July, 1872. He established himself in Canton, where fourteen years later he was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the Ninth Judicial District; but as he had not sought the office and was averse to the routine of the bench, he resumed practice the following year. Under the administration of President Harrison, Judge Day was nominated to be United States District Judge for the Northern District of Ohio, but he declined the honor, because of his health. Living for so many years in Canton, and having so many interests in common with Mr. McKinley, it is natural that Judge Day should have become an intimate friend of the President, who soon learned to appreciate the sound character of his townsman, and presently to place great confidence in his judgment and opinions. While never active in politics himself, Judge Day was always of great service to Mr. McKinley, especially during the period of the latter's Governorship of Ohio and at the time of the last Presidential campaign. There is no doubt, therefore, that Judge Day might have had almost any appointment within the gift of the administration, had he chosen to express such a desire, and it is very probable that several posts of trust and honor were offered to him after Mr. McKinley's election; but he declined all; until, at the very trying period some months previous to the declaration of war, he consented to accept the Assistant-Secretaryship of State—a position which at that time required a man of cool judgment and courage. Here Judge Day displayed so much energy and ability that, upon the resignation of Secretary Sherman, he was promoted to be chief of the department of which for some months he had in fact been the actual head. As Secretary of State, Judge Day, although unversed in diplomacy and untrained in the ways of international intercourse, but sound in his judgments and principles and learned in law, so conducted the affairs of the nation at one of the most critical stages of our recent history that he earned the respect and confidence even of those who had doubted the capacity of the man they termed a country lawyer.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE.

JOHN HAY, Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who has just been appointed by the President to succeed Judge Day as Secretary of State, was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838. He graduated from Brown University in 1858, and was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1861. Immediately afterwards he embarked upon the career which has eminently fitted him for the post he is about to assume. He was first appointed assistant secretary to President Lincoln, and in the civil war, which soon followed, he attained the rank of Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General. His diplomatic career began in 1865, when he was sent to Paris as Secretary of Legation. In 1868 he became *Chargé d'Affaires* at Vienna, and in 1869 Mr. Hay was made Secretary of Legation at Madrid. As a result of his observations while living in Spain, he wrote a book, entitled *Castilian Days*. In 1870 Mr. Hay became one of the editors of the New York *Tribune*, a position which he occupied almost continuously until 1879, when he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State. Upon his election to the Presidency, Mr. McKinley sent Mr. Hay to London as Ambassador of the United States, and during his brief sojourn in England Mr. Hay has strengthened the ties which are gradually binding the two great Anglo-Saxon nations into a closer and firmer friendship.

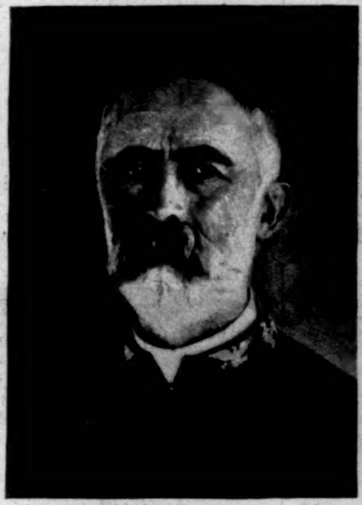


HON. JOHN HAY.

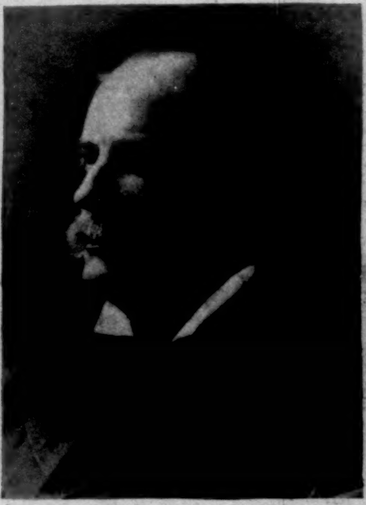
THE MILITARY COMMISSIONERS.

THE President has nominated the following commissioners to serve on the military boards that are to arrange the terms for the evacuation of Cuba and Puerto Rico:

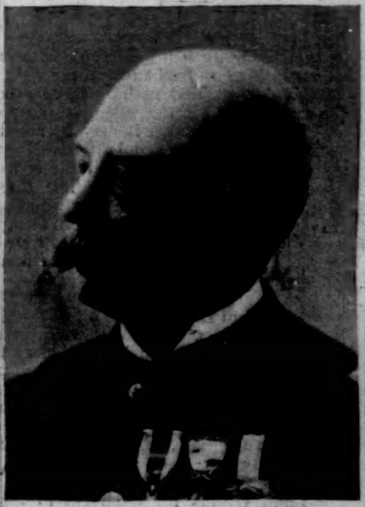
For Cuba—Major-General James F. Wade, Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, and Major-General M. C. Butler.



REAR-ADMIRAL WM. T. SAMPSON, U.S.N.



MAJOR-GENERAL MATTHEW C. BUTLER, U.S.V.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES F. WADE, U.S.V.

COMMISSIONERS FOR CUBA.

For Puerto Rico—Major-General John R. Brooke, Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley, and Brigadier-General W. W. Gordon.

General Wade is a native of Ohio, and was born in 1843. At the age of eighteen he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Sixth United States Cavalry, from which he rose to be Captain, and subsequently Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tenth Cavalry, and in 1887 Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry. Upon the outbreak of hostilities, General Wade took command of the camp at Tampa.

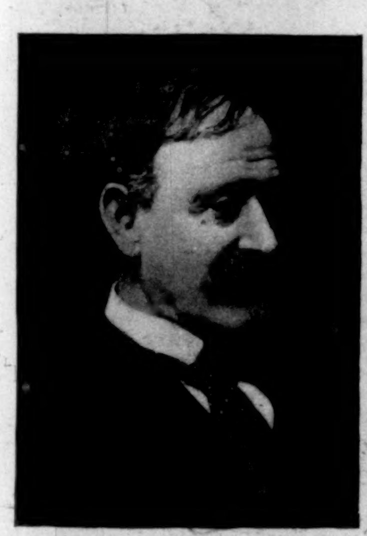
General Butler was born near Greenville, South Carolina, in 1836. He studied law, and at the outbreak of the civil war joined the Confederate army as a Captain of cavalry. He rose rapidly, and at the close of the contest had attained the rank of Major-General, to which rank he was reappointed by the President at the beginning of the war with Spain. Previous to this resumption of a military career General Butler had been prominent in politics, and represented his State in the United States Senate.

Admiral Sampson's recent record is so well known that it is unnecessary to go into the details of his life beyond stating that he was born at Palmyra, New York, in 1840, and graduated from the Naval Academy in 1860.

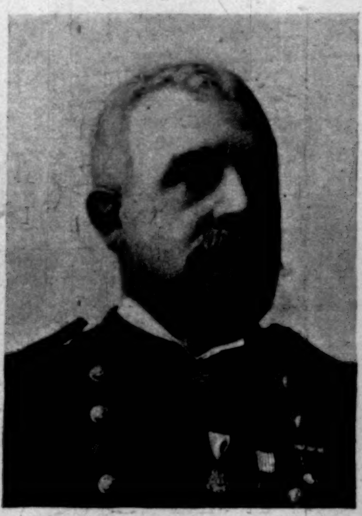
General Brooke was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in 1838, and began his military career as Captain in the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment in 1861. In 1888 he was made Brigadier-General in the United States army, and assigned to the command of the Department of the Platte. At the outbreak of the war with Spain, General Brooke was placed in command of Camp Thomas, Georgia, and he is now in Puerto Rico.

General Gordon was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1834. He graduated from Yale with the class of '54, and entered the Confederate service in 1861. Subsequently he went into business, and in 1884 was elected to the State Legislature. The President made General Gordon a Brigadier-General of Volunteers soon after hostilities began.

Like Admiral Sampson, Commodore Schley has been too prominently in the public eye of late to require any extensive biographical introduction. He was born in Maryland in 1839, was appointed to the Naval Academy in 1856, and took a prominent part in the naval actions of the civil war. He commanded the Greely relief expedition.



REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD S. SCHLEY, U.S.N.



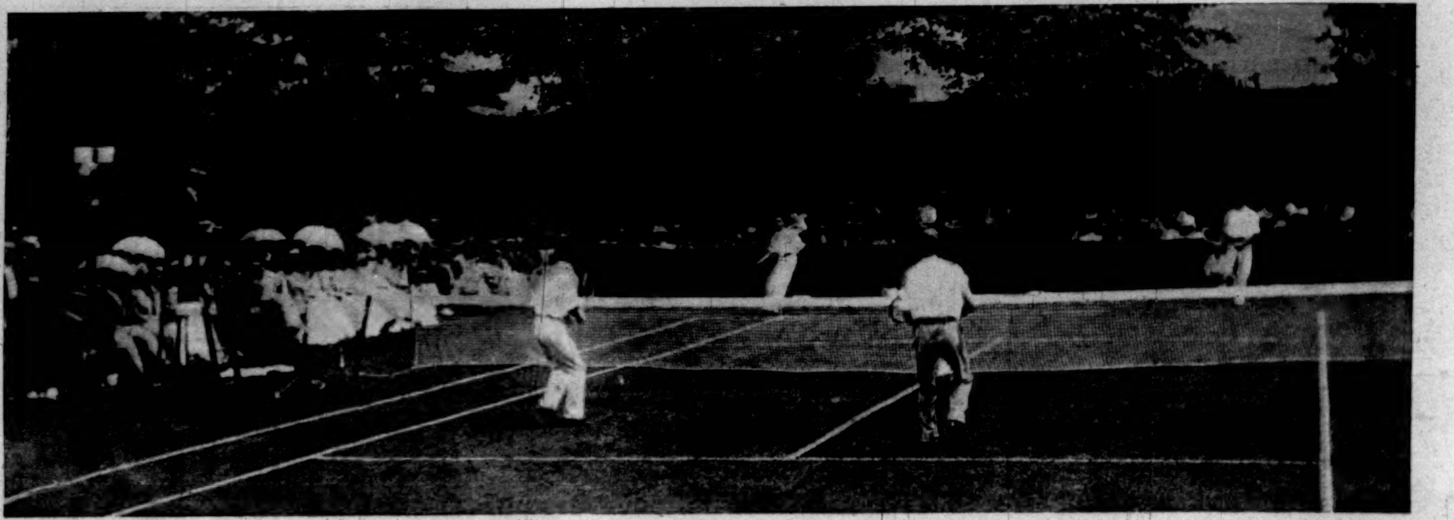
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE, U.S.A.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WM. W. GORDON, U.S.V.

COMMISSIONERS FOR PUERTO RICO.

AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS FOR THE EVACUATION OF CUBA AND PUERTO RICO.

8



THE CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES—EAST *VS.* WEST.

THE NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

There were but fifty-three entries for the National meeting at Newport this year, as against sixty-two in 1897. But it is rather in the quality than in the length of the entry list that the meeting of 1898 suffers by comparison with the one that preceded it. A year ago both R. D. Wrenn and W. A. Larned were in the field, and the presence of Eaves, Nisbet, and Mahoney gave the event a quasi-international character and assuredly a supreme interest.

The accident of war is distinctly chargeable with the absence of champion Wrenn and of W. A. Larned, his most prominent rival for first honors. Wrenn may well be satisfied to retire with the glory that he has won, but Larned has still to earn the blue ribbon of the tennis world, and a year lost means something when a player is at the very top of his game. On the other hand, Larned's success would have been inconclusive if he had won the title through the champion's default, and nothing but an actual victory over Wrenn could set the fitting seal upon his tennis career. In this connection it may be noted that a third invasion of British players might have been an accomplished fact but for the war, and the consequent withdrawal of our two leading men. The Englishmen had the sportsmanlike feeling that they wanted to win only over the best tennis that America could show, and it can hardly be doubted that either Nisbet or Dr. Eaves could have walked off with the nominal title had they chosen to take advantage of this off year.

East *versus* West in the double event was a misnomer, for both Ward and Davis and Whitman and Wrenn were really Eastern teams. The Western players were supposed to make their sectional selection at the Kenwood tournament held at Chicago the third week in July, while the Eastern couples fought it out at Longwood a week later. No player could enter both tournaments, but there was nothing to prevent an Eastern team from choosing to compete at Chicago rather than at Longwood, and this is what actually happened. Ward and Davis, a team of Harvard Juniors, entered at Kenwood and beat out Bond and Collins for the right to meet the Longwood winners in East *versus* West at Newport. Now if it is really intended that this event should have a genuine sectional flavor, it is surely absurd that the spirit of the law should be so glaringly violated. Ward and Davis should not have been permitted to enter at Kenwood. They should have competed at Longwood or not at all. The so-called sectional and State championships are expressly devised for the purpose of bringing out young and local talent, and this purpose is quickly defeated if players from all over the country are allowed to compete. It is a reduction to absurdity when we see that Paret of New York is an ex-champion of Maine, while Ward and Davis of Harvard are the titular Western team.

Whitman and Wrenn made a surprisingly poor showing before their younger rivals, and Ward and Davis met Ware and Sheldon, the title-holders, on Wednesday. It was a most exciting contest, and three times the challengers were within one stroke of the set and match. It was only Ware's magnificent "getting" that finally enabled the champions to pull out. Sheldon has played but little this season, and the pair had only appeared together in two of the season's tournaments. On both occasions they were beaten, and Ward and Davis won from them in straight sets at Magnolia a week ago.

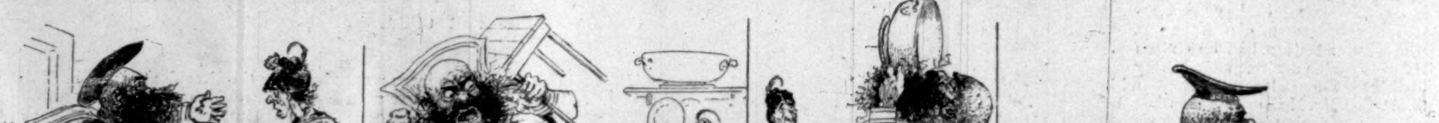
The single matches were interrupted by the rain on Friday, and up to the time of going to press the final result was in doubt. Whitman has ranked as favorite all through the tournament, and on his true form should win.

The weeding-out process was uninteresting, although the matches in which Richard Stevens was drawn all showed good tennis. The veteran's fierce ground strokes are as effective as ever, and it was a genuine surprise when he finally went down before the clever net-play of Dwight Davis. Bond, the Western player, also did well, and is fancied to meet the winner of the Whitman-Ware match in the finals.

It is extraordinary how Harvard University continues to figure in the annual distribution of tennis honors. It has been so from the days of R. D. Sears down to the triple championship of Bob Wrenn, and the crimson was certainly well represented in this year's event. The three teams that competed for the double championship were all composed of Harvard men, and of the four players in the semi-finals three were from the university at Cambridge.

W. G. van T. S.

M. D. WHITMAN.

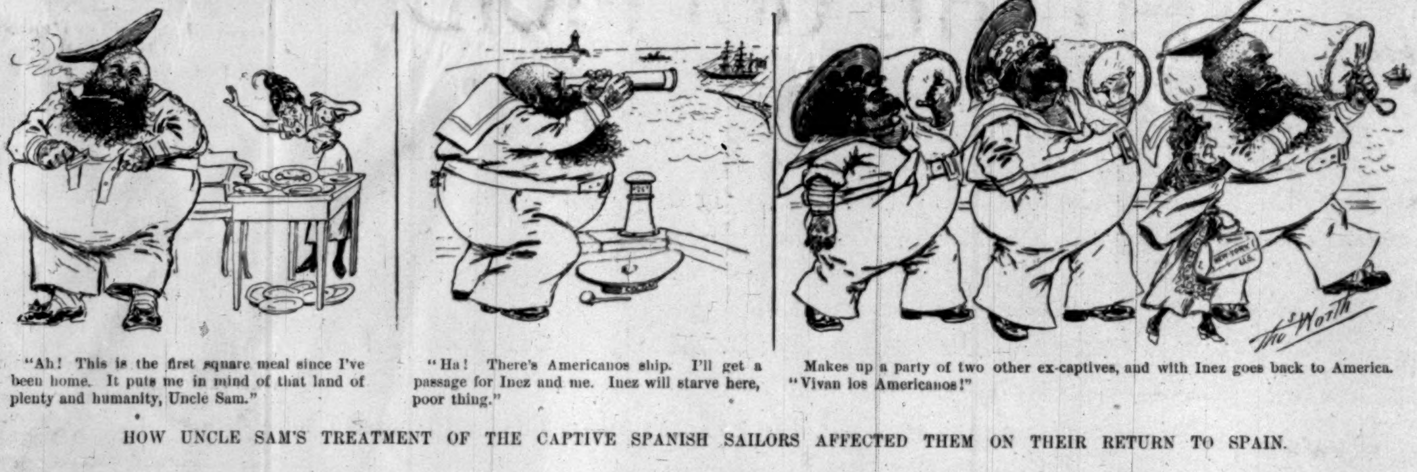


The Husband's Return to Spain. "Dost thou not know me, sweet Inez? I was a little thing like thee when I left. See what the Americanos have done to your Pedro."

"Where's my dinner? The Americanos never kept me waiting."

"What! only soup? I am used to five courses. This is only a starter."

"I'll go to market myself. My wife don't buy enough to feed a cat."

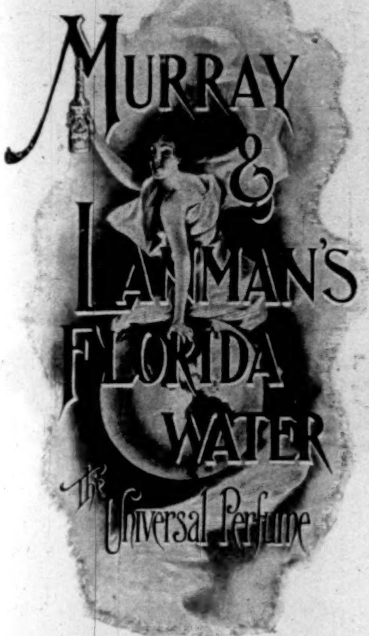


"Ah! This is the first square meal since I've been home. It puts me in mind of that land of plenty and humanity, Uncle Sam."

"Ha! There's Americanos ship. I'll get a passage for Inez and me. Inez will starve here, poor thing."

Makes up a party of two other ex-captives, and with Inez goes back to America. "Vivan los Americanos!"

HOW UNCLE SAM'S TREATMENT OF THE CAPTIVE SPANISH SAILORS AFFECTED THEM ON THEIR RETURN TO SPAIN.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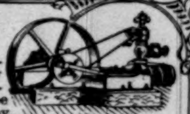

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Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	$24,103,986.67
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Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January–July, '98, ...	1,300,493.68
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Life Insurance in Force, .	94,646,669.00

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In Surplus (to Policy-holders),	522,060.12
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